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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Price Control in the Middle of the Stream

I. Senatorial Gyration

ELSEWHERE in these pages T. R. B. describes the sensation of sitting in the Senate press gallery and observing the curious and wonderful activities on the Senate Island of Penguins below.

The Senate again reached back to 1776 to save us. Not the 1776 of the dynamic, vital American revolution, but the 1776 of the moribund *Wealth of Nations*. Our course was to be set on the rough sea of supply and demand. However, the Senators, wanting the best of both possible worlds and taking due note of the clouds of public anger which seemed to portend storms in November, tried to keep one foot on dry land.

The result of the confusions and back-scratchings was a bill which on one hand proposed to put price ceilings back on about half the economy, and lift restrictions on the other half. The Senators hadn't even clearly grasped their Adam Smith, and some of the realities which this economist faced over a century and a half ago rose up to plague them during the week when the amendments were batted back and forth.

The Senate arrived at this strange result by the simple process of log-rolling. Cattle Senators, dairy Senators, oil Senators, wheat Senators, soybean Senators all pooled and traded their respective desires to get price control off home-state products until almost everything but peanuts was out from under. Senator Barkley (D, Ky.) noted parenthetically that perhaps peanuts escaped only because no Senator wanted to be known as a peanut politician.

Nevertheless, logic would have led inevitably to the same result, once the key decision had been made to bar future price control on meat and poultry. If you decontrol meat, as more than one Senator pointed out, you have to take controls off dairy products. Otherwise, all your dairy herds will be shipped off to the packing house. And when you take controls off meat and dairy products you have to take them off grain. The Senate learned this sad truth in two days. On Wednesday, the Upper House self-righteously voted down an amendment to prohibit any further price ceilings on

grain or on any products processed from it. By Friday, the cries from the New England poultry and dairy farmers were agonized. In the words of Senator Tobey (R, N. H.), they were Macedonian. The New Englanders pointed out with obvious accuracy that if only limited profits were to be made in grain while unlimited returns could be had by feeding it to hogs and cattle, the Midwest's corn and wheat would go no farther than Midwest barnyards, leaving the New England and other non-grain-producing areas feedless.

In all the concern about the New England chickens and dairy cows, no one mentioned that in the same situation no grain would have been available for human consumption either at home or for relief abroad.

THE New England chickens and cows won out. On Friday, the Senate reversed itself and voted to add grains and feeds to the list of no-price-control products. And thereby, the distinguished Senators fell into another of the snares of the economic chain reaction. How were ceilings to be kept on wheat that was processed into flour, and abolished on wheat used for chicken feed? And how could you hold down the price of bread if the price of wheat was permitted to soar? No one had an answer. It was decided to put the amendment in the bill and let the coming conference committee struggle with making some sense out of it.

As it stands, the new bill permanently eliminates price control on about 80 percent of the foods consumed by the average family and ends the OPA low-cost-clothing program. At the same time it assumes that rents can be held. But even on rent control, to which nearly all Senators paid lip-service, the Senate did not resist one weakening amendment. The job of keeping rents in line is to be handed over to any state which passes a state law.

Among all the special-interest groups only the National Association of Manufacturers lost in this round. Their price-raising Taft amendment was defeated by a dramatic 40-to-40 tie vote. And the Wherry amendment, giving already fat retailers still wider profit margins, was knocked out by a vote of 46 to 29. Substitutes acceptable to the Administration were put in

their place. In this respect a great improvement was made over the former bill.

In addition, the new bill provides for ending all price control on non-essential products by January 1, 1947; for lifting other controls when supply equals demand (regardless of price rises that might result); and for placing in the hands of a new decontrol board the final decision on when all this is to be done. It shifts control over agricultural prices to the Secretary of Agriculture, another provision to which the President objected. It appropriates \$1 billion for subsidies, but makes sure that most of the money will not be used, by eliminating price control on the products to which it would have applied.

II. Houses GI's Can't Buy

SUMMED UP, the Senate bill means little or no price control, and such a breakdown means the collapse of the veterans' emergency-housing program. Wilson Wyatt has estimated that without effective price and rent controls the cost of home building will increase from 14 to 25 percent by the end of this year.

The objective of the housing program—that 50 percent of the homes built will sell for less than \$6,000 or rent for less than \$50 a month—will be impossible. Even with previous rent and price controls, the Housing Administration has been forced to operate short of that objective. For example, of the 576,721 dwelling units authorized the first six months of this year, 52 percent were listed to sell for less than \$7,500 or rent for less than \$60 a month. A home which cost \$5,000 to build in 1940 and which currently costs about \$8,000 to build, would cost between \$9,200 and \$10,000 in 1947 without effective control.

These figures, surging upward with increases in the cost of building materials, are completely out of the range of veterans. A recent survey revealed that 81 percent of married veterans feel they cannot pay more than \$49 monthly for purchase of a home, and 84 percent of those seeking rental quarters can't afford more than \$49 a month.

Competition between home-builders and commercial builders is already becoming acute. Without controls, industrial concerns are in a position to outbid the home-builder, since they can pass the extra cost along to customers.

The Patman Housing Act offers little consolation to prospective home-builders. Although it prevents speculative selling at much above construction costs by requiring builders to file a proposed sales price with the housing agency, it does not assure protection against inflationary prices. The act states that "reasonable construction costs, fair market value of land and a margin of profit comparable to that of similar units during 1941" must be taken into consideration.

Washington economists have estimated that the cost

of living will go up from 15 to 30 percent as soon as controls are lifted. In an uncontrolled economy, housing controls cannot be maintained any more than one segment of a levee can function when the supporting sections collapse before a flood.

III. A Veto Is Called For

IF, AFTER dragging steps through debates, committees and conferences, this bill or a bill similar in its essentials reaches the President, Mr. Truman should veto it just as firmly as he rejected its baby brother which Congress tried to leave on his doorstep three weeks ago.

Such a bill, even after the possible muddying of the waters by elimination of a few of its more obnoxious features, would mean price control in name only. It is another attempt by Congress to exterminate price control without taking the responsibility for its act. Under the Senate version, prices would spiral upward at a rate almost as great as if there were no legislation at all.

President Truman can clear the air only by another veto. He can force Congress to give him a good price-control law or face the consequences at the polls. Such consequences Congress is trying above all to avoid. With another strong veto message, the President can place responsibility where it belongs and make price control the dominant issue in the fall elections. Economically he will have no alternative, for the Senate bill, unless drastically changed by some unforeseen miracle, is inflation, and no OPA at all is inflation.

Politically, a veto would make the issue sharp and clear. Those advising Mr. Truman must have the

THE HIGH SPOTS

The price jumps listed below were sent in from all over the country to the National Emergency Committee for price control:

Brooklyn: lamb chops from 64 cents to \$1.50 per pound.

Salt Lake City: rent from \$45 to \$105 a month.

Syracuse, N. Y.: oranges from 59 cents to \$1 a dozen.

Dallas: rent from \$29.50 to \$50 a month.

Portland, Me.: butter from 66 cents to \$1.40 per pound.

Newport, R. I.: sugar from six cents to 25 cents per pound.

San Francisco: meat up 50 percent over ceiling prices.

Seattle: fish 30 percent above ceiling prices.

Atlanta: a 12-cent-a-pound increase on poultry.

To help in the fight against inflation, wire or mail details concerning price increases in your community to the National Emergency Committee at 130 Third Street, S.E., Washington 3, D. C.

vision to see that this is another moment when good statesmanship and good politics dictate the same course.

Evatt, Gromyko and the Atom

Soviet rejection of Dr. Evatt's scheme for an international atomic-control authority is the latest and gloomiest development in the consistently gloomy history of the UN Atomic Energy Commission.

That history began when Bernard Baruch, the American delegate, needlessly impaired the clear and precise control plan of the Acheson-Lilienthal group with a demand for the abandonment of the Big Five veto power. As we held at that time, the issue of no veto was not germane to the objective sought, which was a treaty setting up an international control authority. Once the issue was raised, however, Gromyko compounded the difficulty. He took the impossible position of insisting that the veto rights held in Security Council affairs extend throughout the field of atomic energy. He proposed what amounted to an absurd compact for control of atomic energy in which any or all of its provisions could be set aside at will by any one of the major contracting parties.

As Australian delegate and chairman of the Commission, Dr. Evatt cleared the mud from the waters. He suggested that there be an international and autonomous development or control authority, the activities and decisions of which should not be subject to veto of any sort. It should be set up by treaty. A violation of any of the agency's major provisions—a "veto," if you will—would be a violation, an abrogation, of the treaty. If such a violation occurred, the problem would then be projected to a different plane, that of the Security Council. And at that level there need be, for the moment, no change in the present rules. By the nature of atomic-energy problems, a violation of the treaty and the application of sanctions would involve a question of peace or war, and it would be academic whether a Big Five power vetoed a declaration of war against itself.

Evatt's sensible and clear arrangement, designed to leave the USSR the veto right it so religiously clings to in Security Council affairs, but endowing an international atomic-control authority with hard and fast powers and unchallengeable and unequivocal control, has now been turned down by Russia. Gromyko's reasons for rejection defy comprehension and invite the most disturbing conclusion about Russia's intentions for bona-fide control of the world-destructive weapon.

Morse on Minority Rule

It is already abundantly clear that the real fight for the reform of Congress has only just begun. If the Senate-approved legislative-reorganization bill should pass the House, it will probably be at the cost of losing important provisions. But even if its reform provisions should emerge unscathed, there are many glaring defects in the congressional structure that were never

dealt with in the original La Follette-Monroney draft. Among them are the dictatorial powers of the House Rules Committee, the Senate filibuster, the seniority system, the outside profit-taking activities of members of Congress and the archaic—sometimes nonsensical—rules of each House.

In a recent issue of *Collier's* Senator Wayne Morse (R, Ore.) has made an attack against the filibuster and the House Rules Committee. "There is no hope for government by the majority in Congress," he points out, "until the rules are thoroughly overhauled to free the House and the Senate from the tyranny of a willful minority in either branch."

The record of the Seventy-ninth Congress certainly justifies Morse's statement. During the present session, the Rules Committee has refused to allow the House to vote on the minimum-wage or the FEPC bill. It also usurped the legislative functions of the House Labor Committee and forced the House to consider the Case labor bill rather than the bill reported from the Labor Committee. On the Senate side the filibuster has prevented a vote on either the anti-poll-tax or the FEPC bill. During the executive sessions of committees, filibusterers have also wrung countless concessions on dozens of measures merely by threatening to filibuster.

Strategy for Action

Morse has laid out a broad strategy for action. In the House, new rules are adopted on the first day of a new Congress. At this time, and this time only, a resolution limiting the powers of the Rules Committee can be considered by the House itself without being referred to the Rules Committee for burial. A straight majority vote will do the job. In the Senate a resolution to prevent filibusters by majority vote will lie over a day. There will then be debate as to whether it should be considered by the Senate or be referred to the Senate Rules Committee, where it would be killed. Although a majority vote could keep it before the Senate and bring it to a vote, a filibuster is inevitable. This must be fought through continuous sessions to wear down the filibusterers. The only time to do this effectively is at the beginning of a new Congress, before the legislative calendar gets heavy. Hence Morse proposes that the drive against both the dictatorial powers of the Rules Committee and the filibuster be launched simultaneously in both Houses on the first day of the Eightieth Congress in January, 1947.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is already translating this campaign into political action by asking all candidates where they stand on these two questions. If other groups follow suit and make congressional democracy an effective election issue, the first day of the next Congress may well be a day of defeat for the entrenched minority in both Houses whose dictatorial powers have gone unchallenged for decades.

Congressional "Connections"

The need for legislation requiring congressmen to disclose their private business connections and outside income has been dramatically emphasized by the evidence before the Senate Mead Committee showing the activity of Representative Andrew J. May (D, Ky.) in behalf of the Erie Basin Metal Products Company.

As chairman of the powerful House Military Affairs Committee, May was influential in getting the Army to give war contracts to the Erie Basin and affiliated companies headed by Murray and Henry Garsson, a couple of his friends. On many occasions he put pressure on the War Department to get what the Garsson brothers wanted.

In his contacts with the Army, May admitted nothing more than that the Garssons were friends of his. He was talking as a congressman, only interested in seeing that his friends got fair treatment. But May has admitted connection with a lumber company in Kentucky which received checks totaling \$48,000 from Garsson companies for lumber that was never delivered. One of these canceled checks carries an endorsement "A. J. May, President." May has denied it is his signature.

In May's case, if it can be proved that he profited from the deals through the lumber company, it may be possible to prosecute under criminal statutes prohibiting congressmen from receiving compensation for services rendered in connection with any government contract. Except for a congressional investigation, May's connection with the Kentucky lumber company might never have been known.

If the law required congressmen to report publicly any outside business connections, or income received in addition to official salary, it would be much more difficult for members of Congress to prosecute claims for companies in which they were interested financially. In the absence of such a law there is no way of telling how many congressmen have financial interests in companies for which they intercede with government agencies. When a powerful congressman brings pressure on a government administrator in behalf of a given company, the official is in no position to ask the congressman about his private business connections. Likewise, the public has no way of knowing how often a congressman's vote on legislative issues of great national importance is influenced by these connections.

The May evidence also suggests the possible need for legislation governing relations between congressmen and government departments. Congressmen handle much legitimate business with government agencies on behalf of their constituents. However, great pressure is brought on government agencies by individual congressmen in behalf of special interests that are definitely in conflict with the public interest. Many of the government's top administrators spend much of their time trying to ward off such pressure.

A procedure requiring that congressional demands on government departments first be examined by committees in Congress to sift out the selfish, special-interest demands, and prohibit individual congressmen from pursuing them, is urgently needed. Such a system certainly would have eliminated May's demands on behalf of the Garsson brothers.

Britain Gets the Loan

LAST WEEK, by the emphatic vote of 219 to 155, the House of Representatives broke the most important log jam to a freer international trade. The whole future of international economic relations was tied in with the fate of the Anglo-American financial agreement and the \$3,750 million credit to Great Britain. If the British loan resolution had been defeated, Bretton Woods would have been a hollow shell, the proposed International Trade Organization could never have been established and the United Nations would have been struck a fearful blow.

Without the loan, most of the other acts by Congress to establish a more orderly world would have been in vain. Now Bretton Woods can become a reality—British adherence to these agreements was dependent upon the loan—and work can go forward on the International Trade Organization proposed by the United States and tentatively supported by the United Kingdom. Little has been heard about the ITO, but, like the Monetary Fund and the International Bank, it is designed to eliminate restrictions on trade and commerce. Its primary objectives will be to break trade restrictions imposed by governments and by private business and cartels, to remove the fear of disorder in the markets for certain primary commodities and to overcome irregularity and the fear of irregularity in production and employment. An international conference to establish the ITO is at last possible.

Approval of the loan by Congress was the sharpest test it has had of its belief in the need for international cooperation. The House vote showed that Congress and the people can understand basic and complicated issues. The press supported the loan overwhelmingly.

The fight against the loan was carried on by the same old die-hards who opposed defensive measures in 1941, and with the same arguments and demagoguery. The most fantastic arguments on the House floor were to the effect that approval of the loan would further the "communization" of England. Socialism and communism are one and the same to Colonel McCormick's representatives in Congress. His favorite congresswoman, Representative Jessie Sumner (R, Ill.), spent her time making cat-calls at pro-loan speakers. Then there were the usual "amendments" by opponents of the loan. Representative Dirksen (R, Ill.) offered an amendment to require Britain to put up collateral

before credit could be extended. Representative Monroney (D, Okla.), who did one of the best jobs throughout the whole fight, told Dirksen he "ought to be honest enough to try to kill it [the loan] by direction rather than by indirection." All amendments were defeated.

A week before debate began, the Administration had its biggest scare when it became obvious that strong Zionist opposition had developed. At another point Irish opposition was very strong. It took courageous letters from Rabbi Wise and Jim Farley to overcome such unfortunate opposition.

Voting for the loan were 157 Democrats, 61 Republicans and Representative Marcantonio of the American Labor Party. Marcantonio's defection from the Communist Party line was a big surprise. Against the loan were 32 Democrats, 122 Republicans and one Progressive, Hull of Wisconsin. The Republican support for the measure stemmed largely from the benefits to the banking and business interests in home districts. Two-thirds of the Republicans voting remained true to Colonel McCormick and their own isolationist records.

The Air Clears at Paris

THE BLUNT TALK at Paris during the final four days of the Council of Foreign Ministers did much to clear the international air. Even though Secretary Byrnes has come home without a settlement of the central problem of Europe—Germany—it appears now for the first time in the nervous months since V-E Day that the Soviet Union and the West can reach a workable understanding on Germany's postwar future. Since differences over the administration of the conquered Reich and over the ultimate German peace are the focal point of infection which has been poisoning the relations of the great powers, the coming 90 days may well determine whether the cessation of hostilities in Europe is to be merely a truce or something approaching peace.

After exchanging viewpoints as if they were punches, it may be that the United States, Russia, Britain and France now are finally in a mood to sit down and reach an honest agreement on Germany. Molotov has suggested a special meeting of the four powers later this year to deal only with Germany. And, in a Parthian shot as he left Paris, Byrnes called the Soviet minister on that suggestion, proposing a four-power meeting after the Paris peace conference but prior to the United Nations Assembly, tentatively scheduled for September 23.

It remains now to translate those general proposals into a fixed engagement, and quickly. At this point, neither the USSR nor the Western powers have attempted to use power or a threat of force to prejudice the German settlement. It would be tragic indeed if

the German problem should be permitted to deteriorate as in the Trieste case, until a settlement had to be reached under the threat of a world conflagration.

There seems reason to believe, however, that Byrnes and Bevin may be making a pressure move in the US threat to create a joint Anglo-American zone of occupation in Germany vis-à-vis the Russian zone. If this is a pressure move, it is a dangerous one.

Byrnes's impatience with Soviet obstruction of efforts to correct an impossible situation in Germany is understandable. His distaste at a hopeless economic situation which requires the United States to pour resources into its sealed-off zone at the annual rate of \$200 million is certainly shared by Bevin, who is confronted with even heavier financial demands from the British zone. But the point is that there now appears to be hope for a fundamental great-power economic agreement on Germany in the next few months. Creation of a joint zone at this juncture would be courting the risk of drawing a permanent line through the heart of Germany and thus dividing the Reich between the West and the East.

Bevin, who has already groaned about the "awful business of drawing a line from Stettin to Trieste," should not be too willing to move the line where the West meets Russia even further into Western Europe. And surely before such a risk is courted, the ministers, who have now completed two sessions at Paris with only four days of full debate on Germany, can devote a little more time—one full conference—to the central problem of a European peace.

The Byrnes-Molotov statements of policy for Germany were not so far separated as superficially seemed to be the case. In envisaging an integrated and self-sustaining Germany, both the Secretary of State and the Soviet Foreign Minister demonstrated that they have progressed considerably since Potsdam. If Molotov wants an economic understanding to assure Russia's reparations before piecemeal mergers inside Germany, that is understandable. And if Byrnes wants a four-power treaty on disarmament and demilitarization to make possible reduction of occupation troops to skeleton forces, that also is understandable.

Both Byrnes and Molotov were obviously talking in maximum terms for bargaining purposes in reparations discussions. Certainly Molotov's claim of \$10 billion and Byrnes's counter-assertion that Russia already has taken \$14 billion bear little relation to reality. Byrnes admits Russia's moral right to reasonable reparations. And Molotov has offered to Byrnes the idea of a 40-year four-power treaty. There is no divergence on the principle of demilitarization—the issues lie in the manner in which it is to be effected and enforced.

The final four days at Paris demonstrated that reasonable men can resolve the German issues. Messrs. Byrnes, Bevin, Molotov and Bidault must now determine to come together once again and resolve them.

Washington Wire

Between Earth and Mars

YOU GET a queer sense of unreality. You look down on the Senate from the press gallery and ask yourself, "Haven't these people any idea of the world we're living in?" Again they emasculate the price-control bill before giving it to Truman. They insulate themselves from the newspaper stories of rising prices. They don't hear the voices of complaining housewives. They are calm, well fed men living under glass in this cool, air-conditioned chamber. The atmosphere in here is as different from reality as the temperature is from the suffocating 90-degree heat outdoors. The green-carpeted chamber below is an interplanetary space ship somewhere between Earth and Mars.

Senator Wherry (R, Neb.)—author, with Senator Taft (R, Ohio), of some of the price-exemption amendments—is talking: "If we examine the figures . . . we find that meat has not increased in price," he says.

Is it possible? Can he really have said those words? Yes, it all appears in the *Congressional Record* on the next day.

So the second round in the Taft-Truman duel begins. The contest started with the first phony Taft OPA-extension bill, the bill that seemed to continue price controls while actually killing them. Would Truman sign it? "Sure," said everybody in Washington, "you know Truman." But the little man in the bow tie in the White House vetoed it. First round to Truman.

Now the riddled bill comes out of the Senate a second time. The vicious Taft and Wherry profit-formula amendments are eliminated. It does provide rent control. But a list of goods as long as your arm is exempted from all OPA restrictions. If the House accedes to these Senate qualifications and it comes to the White House again—will Mr. Truman finally decide to sign? Well, it isn't quite so easy to nod knowingly now and say, "Sure, you know Truman, don't you?"

Representative Andrew Jackson May (D, Ky), chairman of the all-powerful Military Affairs Committee, came to the well of the silent House, adjusted his glasses, leaned heavily on the speaker's stand before the microphone, and gave his version of the Garsson munitions scandal. The gallery was crowded; reporters were interested in May himself and in the reaction of the House. Here was a chairman of a great committee caught in what can only be called compromising circumstances. This man reached the chairmanship not by native ability but by the preposterous "seniority rule." As chairman he has, almost by his own efforts, succeeded in exempting 18-year-olds from the draft; he has fought for military, not civilian, control of atomic energy; he has muddled the question of Army-Navy merger. And in the war he harried, bullied and browbeat generals to get fat war orders for the Garsson empire, with which, it now appears possible, he has financial interests.

Mr. May showed no self-consciousness. A lifetime training prevented that. He spoke slowly and reverberantly, sometimes yelling loudly into the microphone. Halfway through, it was evident that he had no answer for the charges against him. "Sinister influences" were attempting to "persecute" him. He raised one subtle prejudice after another. Reporters' interest relaxed. They turned now to the House.

The chamber was about half full. There was an odd, constrained silence. Members avoided each other's eyes, or smiled self-consciously. Mr. May sat down. Reporters stood to see better. Yes, they were applauding. It was queer applause, the queerest I ever heard. There was no warmth to it. It was mechanical. But it came from all over the chamber, from Republicans and Democrats alike. It was the applause of men who have decided they have got to perform a ceremonial rite and are going through with it. It came from men who realized that not only Mr. May, but the House itself, was on trial. It was the kind of applause condemned men will hear in hell. Mr. May bustled about after that, carrying off pretty well his act of smiling nonchalance. Then he made one horrible slip that caused even the hardened press gallery to wince. After 16 years of correctly referring to the presiding officer as "Mr. Speaker," Mr. May addressed the Chair as "Your Honor."

After a week of tedious oratorical display in which members of the House made prearranged harangues over the British loan to almost empty seats, the big financial agreement passed. Six months of congressional delay accompanied by American inflation have reduced the dollar value of the credit from 10 to 25 percent. The loan was negotiated on the presumption of a stable dollar. American inflation has much worse consequences, however, on the direct loans to France and Italy than on the line of credit to Britain, which can be more closely controlled. Britain's new credit will buy fewer goods in America as the dollar sinks in value, but this is partly offset by the higher prices British goods will get in American markets, and the competitive advantage British exports gain in world markets compared to the price-inflated American goods. American officials point to British export gains. The original size of the loan was scaled down by the American negotiating team, which took a more hopeful view of British trade revival than the British themselves. The Keynes-Halifax group called American estimates "fantastic." Now I am informed even the American forecasts of expanding British exports have been surpassed. The new loan is still valuable, but Britain's own interim efforts have reduced its importance somewhat.

If left to Senate Republican votes, the loan would have died. In the House the GOP voted strongly against it. The prewar and postwar record of Republicans in international affairs deserves to be recalled: they opposed the Hull trade program, opposed repeal of the arms embargo, opposed the military draft, opposed renewal of selective service just before Pearl Harbor, opposed lend-lease; now they oppose the British loan. Is it any wonder that the world shivers a bit when it hears rumors from America that the Republicans may win the presidency in 1948?

Washington

T. R. B.

Political Roundup

Stassen Sinks Shipstead

THE OVERWHELMING DEFEAT of Senator Henrik Shipstead in the Minnesota Republican primaries is cause for national celebration. No isolationist has surpassed Shipstead in disservice to the United States. He was one of the two Senators who voted against ratification of the United Nations charter. And there can be no doubt that his defeat was a real repudiation. The largest number of voters in Minnesota history went to the polls in this Republican primary, and Shipstead was beaten in every part of the state. His nationalist ranting finally so sickened many middle-class Democratic-Farm Labor voters that they went into the Republican primary just to vote against him.

Minnesota progressives, finally rid of Shipstead after years of struggle, agree with Harold Stassen that the result in Minnesota was the reverse of the isolationist victories in Nebraska and North Dakota, because "the issues did not reach the people as a whole as thoroughly there as they did in Minnesota." But they do not agree with Stassen that the thing to do now is elect his henchman Ed Thye, the Republican victor, to the Senate in November. They found Thye an even less acceptable Governor from the progressive view than Stassen had been, and it is no secret that Minnesota labor and liberal groups hold a low opinion of the liberal-talking Commander.

Democratic-Farm Laborites believe they have a good chance to defeat Thye with Theodore Jorgensen, a professor at Northfield State Teachers' College, who won the nomination by a four-to-three margin over Frank Ryan, candidate of the old Democratic machine. Luther Youngdahl, Stassen's candidate for Governor, who won decisively over another well known isolationist, Hjalmar Peterson, will be opposed by a country editor and former speaker of the state house of representatives, Harold Barker. The Democratic-Farm Laborites think Barker can be elected.

The Minnesota election gives Stassen a leg up in his climb for the Republican nomination for President in 1948. But no political realist will conclude anything more from it than that. The Gallup Poll of July 11 reports that Stassen is the leading choice of 49 percent of the Republican voters in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and North and South Dakota. But as Stassen himself pointed out, the popular will is still far from being the controlling factor in GOP affairs in that area. When the Republican National Convention meets in 1948, Governor Blue of Iowa, Senator Hugh Butler of Nebraska and other anti-Stassenites from neighboring states will be present at the heads of their delegations, casting votes in the party nomination instead of in the Gallup Poll.

Washington.—Liberal leaders are well pleased with most of the results of last week's primary. Senator Hugh Mitchell rewon the Democratic nomination by a tremendous margin. In spite of the fact that only one Democratic contest created any interest, DeLacy v. Costigan for Congress in the First District, the total Democratic vote for

the Senate almost equaled the total Republican vote, which was of good size because of several close contests. Senator Mitchell's supporters are certain of victory in November if they can get out a big vote.

The results in congressional races indicate that Democratic Representatives John Coffee and Henry Jackson, two of the strongest liberals in Congress, and Republican Representative Hal Holmes are assured of reelection in November. Representative Charles Savage, another outstanding progressive unopposed for the Democratic nomination, received almost as many votes as the total of the three Republicans running for his job. He will have the edge in what will certainly be a stiff fight. Republican Walt Horan received a few more votes in the Fifth District than the total of the three Democrats who ran against him.

The real fight in Washington was in the First District, where radio commentator Howard Costigan attempted to unseat Representative Hugh DeLacy, a solid New Deal supporter, on charges of being a follower of the Communist Party line. DeLacy came out well ahead in spite of the fact that close observers estimate that as many as 15,000 Republicans went over into the Democratic primary to vote against him (perhaps accounting for as much as 15 percent of the total anti-DeLacy vote).

The over-all prospect for Washington: This outstandingly progressive Democratic delegation can be returned intact if a real job of getting out the vote is done for Mitchell, DeLacy and Savage, in particular, with even a slight possibility of knocking out Horan.

Missouri.—Two prominent Missourians, Harry Truman and Bob Hannegan, have made no secret around Washington of their dislike of Representative Roger Slaughter (D) of Kansas City. They have publicly denied any intention of trying to "purge" Slaughter in this year's election, but the truth is that both Hannegan and his assistant, Dick Nacey, another Missouri boy, have been working overtime to unseat this obstructionist. At first Boss Jim Pendergast refused to go along with their plans, on the ground that it would create unnecessary friction in his machine, but it is now known at Democratic headquarters that Pendergast has decided to dump Slaughter and support Enos Axtell, recently returned serviceman, in the August 6 primary. The local CIO last week met and also decided to give Axtell their support. Slaughter will still have a part of the machine vote, however, and a third candidate, Jerome Walsh, a young labor lawyer, will pull some liberal votes from Axtell. Should Slaughter win the primary, labor will probably throw its support to the Republican nominee—probably Albert J. Reeves—in November.

Oregon.—Carl Donaugh, Democratic nominee for Governor against the present reactionary Republican Governor Earl Snell, has kept his eyes glued on the California and Washington primaries and is said to be preparing a strong campaign on liberal issues based on those results. Donaugh, a former United States Attorney and president of Optimist International, will have a hard time getting Snell to join any issue with him. Snell has spent years refusing to commit himself on anything. The Portland *Oregonian* has tried in vain to get a statement of his position on daylight-saving time and forest-fire control.

Sidney Hillman

by George Soule

IT WOULD BE EASY to speak of Sidney Hillman's life as if it were a success story in the land of opportunity. An immigrant lad from Lithuania arrived at the age of twenty during the administration of the first Roosevelt. Within forty years he had become the president of a great and successful union, a leader of the millions in the CIO, one of the heads of the World Federation of Trade Unions, an intimate adviser of the second and greater Roosevelt. As moving spirit of the Political Action Committee, he was even credited with enough power to dictate the nomination of a Vice President. The apocryphal story that FDR instructed the party managers to "Clear it with Sidney," though used as a campaign weapon of the President's opponents, is at least a tribute to the eminence of Hillman.

Such a success story would, however, be false. Hillman himself made the perfect comment on it years ago, at a banquet given in his honor when he left the scene of his early triumph in establishing permanent organization of the clothing workers in Chicago. When his turn came to reply to the laudatory speeches, he said, "There seems to be a certain Mr. Hillman who is referred to; but he isn't myself. It isn't I. . . . It is the result of a movement bigger than any man or any locality. Out of this movement for industrial peace you and I are getting more than we give."

It would be impossible to separate Hillman from the movement in which he worked. To attempt to do so would be to malign the spirit which gave meaning to his life and to rob ourselves of the power of his example. Many are called leaders who merely push and browbeat others until they reach the head of the line. Hillman was a leader in the literal sense of the word. He warmly nourished the best in people and showed them how to serve the good of all—including themselves. American democracy was precious to him, not as a completed society, but as an opportunity for growth, and not as a chance for a few favored individuals to amass wealth and power, but as freedom for all to learn how, by contributing more, to live more fully.

IN THE spontaneous revolt of the Chicago clothing workers in 1910, Hillman first attracted the attention of his fellows. He became their representative in the only establishment which then made a settlement with the strikers—that of Hart, Schaffner and Marx. No strike ever again shut down this factory. Here it was that the philosophy and practice of industrial constitutionalism was hammered out—the agreement between the union and the management being the fundamental law, major disputes being settled either by

negotiation or arbitration, as in a Supreme Court, and minor issues being continuously adjusted by a trade board with an Impartial Chairman who was a professional adjuster, paid equally by both sides for his services. The union served the workers—and the industry—not by a series of wars, but by learning the difficult art of daily good government.

In 1914 the Amalgamated Clothing Workers was formed to organize this chaotic and sweated industry, and without the blessing of the AFL. It selected Hillman as its first president, a job to which he was continually reelected until its membership comprised 95 percent of the workers in the industry, its wages and hours placed it in the first ranks of labor, sweatshops and job insecurity were abolished, and the union had engaged successfully in many collateral activities such as banking and cooperative housing, besides throwing its weight behind the organization of the unorganized in every employment.

During the 1920's, when most unions lost members and power, this union gained. Like every other American institution, it was hit by the ensuing depression, but under the NRA, in which Hillman played a leading part, labor began to reorganize, with the clothing workers and the miners in the lead. The CIO, which Hillman was influential in forming, extended organization throughout basic and mass-production industries. And then Hillman turned his energies to safeguarding economic order within the United States during the war, and preserving democracy in the world by support of Roosevelt as the enemy of isolationism and Hitler.

THE FACT that Hillman believed in industrial peace did not obviate the necessity of many bitter struggles to establish the industrial democracy which he saw as its necessary condition, any more than belief in international peace obviated the necessity of war for a world in which peace might be possible. But his strategy was to fight only the enemies of unions among employers, while strengthening the friends. He always strove to aid the employers who would maintain union standards to compete successfully with those who would not. Consistently he fought for union discipline in avoiding work stoppages, for efficient production. The union even became an invaluable aid to better management in the shops where it was secure. The responsibility of the workers to the industry was one of his favorite phrases.

During the depression a large manufacturer who had been non-union for years got into trouble, and a new management was installed. The new president sent for

Hillman and asked him to organize the shop. Hillman was reluctant to do so; if the company should fail, the union would become the scapegoat. The company official then laid his cards on the table. In order to obtain the necessary financial assistance, he had promised to seek the services of the best production manager in the industry. This expert, after looking over the situation, said he could not undertake the job unless he could have the coöperation of the Amalgamated, to which he had become accustomed and by the aid of which he had established his reputation. The union then consented to come to the rescue, and the company pulled through.

Hillman seldom did his fighting in the conference room. As long as conference was possible, he assumed that a common ground existed. He talked to employers as if they had a mutual interest in the welfare of the employees, since it was obvious that the industry would be injured if the employees were underpaid, overworked or uncoöperative on account of other grievances. He was adept at avoiding disputes over words, slogans, abstract "principles," and at getting down to the realities of the situation. But if the employers would not talk, he fought them relentlessly in the field.

In dealing with the members of the union, his way was responsible democracy. Membership voting prevailed, not only in the election of officers, but in sanctioning strikes and in ratifying settlements. But he never went before the members without a well laid plan or policy to which he strove to obtain their understanding adherence. He had no hesitation in opposing a popular agitation when he believed it was wrong. On occasion he was overruled by the membership, and loyally followed the democratic decision until the union, convinced that it had made a mistake, came around to his point of view. Nor did he have any pride of opinion; he would reverse himself instantly when he saw that an error had been made. This transparent sincerity in serving the general interest strengthened his great prestige. So strong was his support that no rival ever challenged his position.

I HAVE made lots of mistakes," Sidney Hillman once said to me. "Anybody who wants to act at all must make mistakes. If he doesn't act, that is a mistake, too. Any intelligent man must recognize that he will make mistakes, and work out a way to deal with that fact. And what is the method? The scientists have shown it to us in their laboratories. They make a lot of little experiments before they make a big one." Once when a union associate had won a brilliant success in a difficult situation, Hillman complimented him and then startled him by going on to say, "You must have made a lot of mistakes when you were a young man."

One of Hillman's greatest elements of strength was his habit of seeking the advice and help of others, not only among his union co-workers, but in liberal and professional circles. From his earliest days he made a

point of building up good will outside the labor movement proper; experience showed him that it was invaluable. This was not merely a matter of good public relations in the ordinary sense. He would call up a man or woman of some prominence and ask for help or counsel on the unspoken assumption that both were equally devoted to the public welfare and that the problem of labor was of importance to all. He felt almost intuitively that the union was not a narrow or exclusive interest, but a unit of democracy at work, from which creative influence must extend in ever widening circles to all labor, the nation as a whole, and the entire world. He assumed that all men of good will were servants of the general cause and could be expected to volunteer whenever there was a job to be done. This spirit was contagious.

NO QUALITY of Hillman has been more distorted by his enemies than his political philosophy. Again and again—notably by the Dewey cohorts in the last presidential campaign—he was denounced by enemies of labor as a Red. Yet on numerous occasions he was bitterly attacked by Communists as an agent of the bosses. Old-line Socialists, too, assailed him. The key to this anomaly is that he was not a doctrinaire of any sort, and would not allow the labor movement to be used by doctrinaires. Nothing aroused his scorn more surely than a willingness to let words or empty formulas stand in the way of real advances which were practicable under existing circumstances. He was willing to accept the coöperation of anyone, no matter what his political beliefs, who would put his shoulder to the wheel. He worked with Communists, Socialists, Republicans and Democrats, as well as with Jews, Christians and Atheists.

On one occasion when left-wingers were trying to push the union into making demands which would injure the industry, he said in effect, "Don't forget that this is a trade union, which exists for the purpose of dealing with employers. If you want to destroy the employers, don't try to do it through the union. Join some other organization which exists for that purpose."

Yet he has always been in the forefront of movements for political action by labor, and for collaboration of labor in politics with progressive farmers and others outside the ranks. He was acutely conscious of the necessity for a better organization of the economy if everyone was to escape misfortune. Before Franklin Roosevelt assumed office, Hillman was an advocate of economic planning for full production, and inspired the organization of congressional hearings to investigate the causes of depression and plan for stability. The doctrinaire advocacy of "private enterprise" aroused his antagonism as surely as any other utopian program. The questions were always what specifically is it necessary to do, what are the means necessary to accomplish it without losing advances already made, what part of what we want can we now achieve? He

was always willing to accept partial gains if no more could be won and the gains lay in the line of progress. Fixity of direction, flexibility of means, were his program. Platforms were of no use unless there was hope of putting them into action.

Hillman was never an orator in the conventional sense. Short, clipped sentences, elided sequences, a direct and forceful delivery conveyed a powerful impression of sincerity and responsibility. At the biennial Amalgamated convention in 1938, which was celebrating achievements, he exemplified his almost unique combination of idealism and practical sense. "Delegates

and members," he concluded, "let us not become too practical. Having realized our dreams of yesterday, let us dedicate ourselves to new dreams of the future where there will be no unemployment; a future where men and women will be economically secure and politically free. Let us dream these dreams, and let us, with the spirit of the old days as well as with the spirit of the last two years, dedicate ourselves to make those dreams a reality. . . . Let us be able to say two years from now, when we meet again in convention, that we have legislated well and that we have made a reality of that which we have resolved to do."



Smearing the PAC

by Helen Fuller

THE SENATE of the United States is being used as a "front" by a little group of Republocrats who are out to smear the whole political-action movement in this campaign. A tiny group of reactionaries, headed by Senator Ed Johnson (D, Colo.), from their positions on the Special Committee to Investigate Campaign Expenditures, have joined in the House Un-American Activities Committee's long-time war against the PAC.

More money will be spent in the 1946 campaign than in any by-election in years. The Republicans intend to try every trick in the book to win the 26 additional House seats they must have to become the majority party there. If 1942 is any indication, the duPont-Pew-NAM wing of the GOP will contribute lavishly to the poorer state organizations of the party with an eye to obtaining their grateful support for the big-money team at the 1948 convention. It was to keep a careful check on *all* expenditures and contributions that the Senate created this special committee two months ago. But its total activity to date consists of: (1) refusing to investigate complaints regarding Senator Bilbo's campaign in Mississippi, and (2) rushing to accede to a request from Senator Wheeler (D, Mont.) for an investigation of his opponent—Judge Leif Erickson—in the primary on grounds that Erickson was receiving "outside" help from the PAC and other "radical elements."

In recent years the special investigating committees which have been set up by both Houses every election year have done increasingly thorough jobs of reporting contributions to state and local as well as national campaign committees, and have devised some detailed ways of tabulating those figures by organization and family groups as well as by locale so as to show the pattern of financial controls within the two parties. Senator Theodore Green (D, R. I.), who served as chairman of this committee in 1944, assembled

a sizable staff and produced an excellent plan for the reform of present corrupt practices by legislation based on the thousands of pages of testimony and evidence accumulated in investigations. The five Senators who have been named to carry on the work of the Green Committee for 1946—Ellender (D, La.), chairman, Johnson, Maybank (D, S. C.), Bridges (R, N. H.) and Hickenlooper (R, Ia.)—thus far appear to have either no ideas or other ideas of their duty. The record to date is one of connivance and favoritism.

Soon after his appointment as chairman, Senator Ellender left Washington on a round-the-world junket and gave the Special Committee into the hands of Ed Johnson as acting chairman. Coloradoans could have told Ellender that their Ed would never waste such an opportunity. The newspapers were full of stories during June about the campaign in Mississippi and Bilbo's defiance of constitutional guarantees in inciting the white voters of the state to keep Negroes from voting by whatever means necessary. But Johnson and his committee took no notice of all this. When Senator Glen Taylor (D, Idaho) forced consideration, by public pressure, Johnson consulted with his colleagues and reported that they had decided not to investigate the Mississippi case, because they had received no complaints from the state itself. The Senate mandate to the committee clearly authorized it to initiate investigations of irregularities at will, and many complaints from the state were received, including one from Ross Collins, who ran against Bilbo.

The day after Bilbo was safely reelected, an investigator for the Senate Special Committee appeared in Montana armed with subpoenas for the books and records of Judge Erickson. Even the Wheeler forces were surprised at the speed with which their complaints against the opposing candidate had been acted upon. What had happened was this. Before Ellender's departure and Johnson's accession to the chairmanship,

Wheeler had requested an investigation of Erickson, which was turned down as unjustified. Wheeler and Johnson are old and dear friends, drawn closer by their isolationist position during the war. Johnson had led the Wheeler-for-President chant in 1940. Now he did something more practical for Burt. Johnson and Styles Bridges, one of Wheeler's Republican pals, huddled around the committee table for a few minutes one morning and "voted" to investigate Erickson's campaign. That afternoon Johnson hired a special investigator to handle this job—Robert S. Barker, a former investigator for the Dies Committee and the Cox Committee to investigate the FCC. Senate insiders say he was Wheeler's personal choice.

JOHNSON has denied that there are any elements of an anti-PAC drive or of an attempt to "Red-smear" Erickson in the Montana inquiry. So he would certainly consider it irrelevant to point out that Barker picked two District of Columbia detective sergeants from the local Red Squad to serve as his staff on the Montana job, John Layton and George E. ("Two-Gun") Cooper, who had worked with Barker on the Dies Committee and so presumably would have no trouble finding plenty of Jews, Communists and CIO members to expose even in faraway Montana. And sure enough, when Barker opened public hearings in Helena and put Cooper on the witness stand to identify from his expert knowledge one Albert Lasker of New York, a contributor to the Erickson campaign fund, Cooper unhesitatingly exposed this senior partner of the Lord and Thomas advertising agency as in reality a Jewish "multimillionaire with many communistic connections." Cooper worked hard for the expense check signed by Johnson and provided him by the Senate.

The energetic Barker and his two detective assistants used their most exhaustive Dies methods on every contributor's name that appeared in Erickson's records. No effort was spared to give each full credit for every liberal or CIO connection he or his associates ever earned in any way. The Anaconda Copper-dominated press of Montana gave front-page play to this vitally important campaign information, never allowing the story to be crowded out by others that merely discussed the issues between the two candidates.

When Erickson attracted out-of-state attention by demanding equal inquiry into the sources of Wheeler's funds, Barker took a moment off from his real job to insert the names of a few Wheeler angels in the hearing record. But he neglected to identify these people as thoroughly as he had the others. One character that Barker overlooked, for instance, is Norman W. Church of Los Angeles, listed by Barker as contributing \$2,000 to Wheeler. Investigation shows Mr. Church to be a race-horse operator who was barred from the California tracks several years ago for doping horses. Church

employed Wheeler at that time to represent him in his plea for reinstatement before the State Racing Commission, but Wheeler lost the case. Unfortunately, the local press never found space for this item.

The primaries are over in Montana and it is too late for the voters to be influenced by what their local papers ignored, or for the Senate to change the result even if it investigated the strange investigation Senator Johnson conducted there in its name. Montanans thought it was a bit unusual, for one thing, that even while the Senate Special Committee was holding supposedly objective hearings in the state capital, Senator Johnson, its acting chairman, spoke over the statewide radio network in behalf of Wheeler's candidacy. The bill authorizing the establishment of the Special Campaign Expenditures Investigating Committee limits membership to Senators "from states in which no Senator is to be elected at the general election in 1946," obviously in an effort to prevent the very partisanship which Johnson has shown and which, in spirit at least, should make him ineligible for further service with the committee in this campaign.

SENATOR JOHNSON says that the committee has not yet decided on any basic policies to guide the remainder of its term of service. It can be assumed that no plans have been laid for compiling and tabulating the vast amounts of data available below the state level—a field never before covered by a campaign investigating committee—nor even for equaling the job done in years past. The committee has no idea of looking into any other primary contests, Johnson says, because it has received no complaints. There are no plans, in other words, for carrying out the intent of the Senate that the committee show initiative in seeking out violations of good election practice instead of waiting until corruption forces widespread complaints.

But even the best of special investigating committees could not keep big money from talking in elections. Our present Corrupt Practices Act is nothing more than a kind of political "prohibition." The law itself is no real obstacle to an ingenious and determined contributor. Contributions to one candidate for federal office in one year are limited to \$5,000, but state and local committees are specifically exempted from this limitation, and so, thereby, is the contributor. There is no ceiling on new committees eligible for new donations. The so-called Hatch Act of 1940, under which we are now operating, reversed the whole history of financial regulation of elections in this country. Up until that time, all laws had been based on the principle of publicity of contributions being the most important safeguard against corruption. The report of the Green Committee in 1944 strongly recommended a return to that method of control. Obviously voters would know better what they were up against in the way of pressures and machines by that system than by

the Hatch "prohibition" scheme presumably in effect.

There is no assurance that the vitally important 1946 elections will be at all adequately policed by Senator Johnson and his tag-along colleagues. The Senate should lose no time in investigating its appointed investigators. But even vigorous and fair-minded umpires need a better set of rules to work by. In the long run, campaigns must be run on the principle stated by Jesse Macy many years ago: "No peo-

ple can be free who do not maintain the privilege of paying their own bills." But first, to get that kind of regulation, people will have to learn the facts about who is paying their political bills now and the price they are paying for this kind of philanthropy. A new law requiring full publicity for contributions is necessary for the future. An honest, vigorous congressional investigation, not a PAC smear, is the least we can ask for the present.

Liberals on Liberalism

by *Eric F. Goldman and Mary Paull*

FOR MANY YEARS now the confusion of liberalism has been a stock conversation piece. No doubt much of this impression of confusion comes from the fact that whatever liberalism is, it is not a closed system. By the very nature of its opposition to conservatism, it must proceed on the assumption of a changing world, and has willingly to subject itself to the tug and pull of events. Consequently, it is a way of thought and action which can always profit from an asking of the question, What's with liberalism today?

In an attempt to contribute to such an inquiry, a series of questions were put to nine people—Thurman Arnold, Senators Wayne Morse and Claude Pepper, Chester Bowles, Representatives Helen Gahagan Douglas, Estes Kefauver and Charles M. La Follette, Robert R. Nathan and Paul Porter. No pretense is made that the group is "representative" of liberalism. They are simply nine persons prominent on the Washington scene who consider themselves liberals and would be accepted as such by most people in the United States. The questions put to them ranged from their general conceptions of liberalism, through their specific estimates of the liberal situation today, to their suggestions for furthering the liberal cause.

The answers reveal certain striking areas of agreement. In assessing the present state of liberalism, all nine share Senator Pepper's conviction that "in important ways, we are being thrown for losses." But they are also unanimous in believing that liberalism is progressing in the long-time battle for the public mind. Representative La Follette, for example, contends that "in many places the efforts to create political awareness are not well thought out or adequately implemented," yet he goes on to say that "the attempt itself evidences progress." Chester Bowles puts it: "In every community in the country there is a stirring demand

for more democratic action and political leaders who more clearly express the views of the common man. The war has taught us that full production is readily attainable and, perhaps most important of all, that we know how to attain it." Thurman Arnold confidently adds that "as the industrial revolution goes on, the country will be pushed more toward liberalism, in spite of the stubborn efforts of vast organizations wedded to obsolete techniques that are trying to fence themselves in. A new age of science-applied-to-industry has made individual opportunity again an economic reality."

The Republican Senator Morse is sure that optimism about the trend can include the rank and file of both parties: "The most significant barometer reading of recent years was the Gallup Poll which disclosed that there is no marked difference between rank-and-file Democrats and Republicans as to the objectives of government, or as to the social and economic legislation which they want Congress to pass. I am satisfied that if a clear-cut referendum could be held, the liberal point of view would win by at least three to one and, in all probability, by a much higher ratio. Our primary job is to get the average voter to see the importance of sending to national conventions liberal-minded delegates to break the control of the reactionary political machines which in 1948 will control both party conventions unless the voters do something about it in the meantime."

Questions concerning the Truman Administration and liberalism brought only slightly less agreement. Senator Morse dismisses the Administration as "an exceedingly reactionary one, characterized by political expediency and dangerous machine politics." But the other eight liberals, including Representative La Follette, who still sits on the GOP side of the House, are satisfied with the over-all objectives of the President. Quite typically, Robert Nathan says: "One must distinguish between the Administration and Congress. The President has proposed to Congress on numerous occasions a well balanced, comprehensive liberal economic program, but Congress has failed to enact his pro-

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gram." Representative La Follette goes even farther and credits President Truman with one victory in the Senate which Roosevelt could not win. "In August, 1944, with the European campaign bogged down and the Philippines still in the hands of the Japanese, the Commander-in-Chief's appeal was at its highest. President Roosevelt called Congress back to enact reconversion legislation. The unemployment-compensation feature of the Kilgore bill was eliminated in the Senate and snowed under in the House. Despite all the yelling about Truman in 1945 and 1946, he did get through the Senate a provision for 26 weeks at state levels, which was more than Roosevelt did at the height of his personal appeal."

Most of the comments are less favorable than La Follette's in discussing the Administration's relations with Congress. The general emphasis is, like Nathan's, on the difference between what the President has proposed and Congress has adopted. The general explanation is the Administration's lack of the skill and

drive necessary to maneuver a program through a difficult Congress in still more difficult times. "Both the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations," Thurman Arnold remarks, "have attempted to steer a course in a country torn by the economic struggle of powerful groups in industry, in agriculture and in labor. Roosevelt's unequalled political ability, his sense of compromise, his inspirational leadership, were his great contribution. His separate policies were not consistent, but he always managed to move forward. Truman faces even more difficult times. His government is only a balance of power among strongly organized groups each seeking security for itself rather than industrial progress for the country as a whole. Any general criticism of the Truman Administration amounts only to saying that Truman does not have the political genius of Roosevelt." Senator Pepper, less inclined to emphasize forces outside the Administration, warns that "the President will have to be careful lest the impression grow that the liberal sentiment no longer

NINE DEFINITIONS OF LIBERALISM

Thurman Arnold: "Liberalism today has become deuces wild. It can be used to fill any hand. If I had my way, however, I would make it a criminal offense for anyone to parade under the banner of liberalism who was not conscientiously and even religiously devoted to the ideal that in an industrial democracy, freedom of opportunity is the great value that must be preserved above all others. Unless this freedom is preserved, no other freedom will be secure."

Chester Bowles: "It is the duty of the liberal to protect and to extend the basic democratic freedoms. And because there can be no real individual freedom in the presence of economic insecurity, liberalism carries a heavy responsibility in fighting continuously to expand our economy and to put into effect the economic bill of rights. But fundamentally, liberalism is an attitude. The chief characteristics of that attitude are human sympathy, a receptivity to change and a scientific willingness to follow reason rather than faith or any fixed set of ideas."

Representative Douglas: "Liberalism is a program that aims for the greatest good for the greatest number."

Representative Kefauver: "Liberalism means an intelligent effort to keep the political and economic development of our nation abreast of the responsibilities that come from the atomic age. It means an extension of the use of our resources for the common good, the solving of the problem of maintaining democratic principles and free competitive enterprise in a day of big business, big unions and big government."

Representative La Follette: "Liberalism is a series of fundamental departures from the economic, social, racial and political conditions as exist in America to-

day. It should include the proposal of effective means to realign these adjustments in accordance with the democratic ethic inherent in the Declaration of Independence. In seeking its ends, it should insist on the use of objectivity and the appeal to reason rather than indirection or emotionalism."

Senator Morse: "Liberalism cannot be defined in the abstract in any helpful way. Liberalism in politics can best be defined in terms of specific issues. Political liberalism should also be defined in terms of objectives. A major objective is the protection of the economic weak and doing it within the framework of a private-property economy. The liberal, emphasizing the civil and property rights of the individual, insists that the individual must remain so supreme as to make the state his servant."

Robert Nathan: "Liberalism is a movement which seeks the adoption of policies that will assure the four freedoms at home and bring about the maximum utilization of our productive resources, full employment and sustained prosperity, and a resulting high standard of living."

Senator Pepper: "Liberalism is the greatest good for the greatest number of the people. It is really a synonym for democracy, as Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson and FDR would have defined democracy."

Paul Porter: "Fundamentally, liberalism addresses itself to the questions of equality of opportunity and respect for individual dignity. But the people cannot be simply divided into liberals and non-liberals. Liberals do and should frequently disagree on specific issues. By disagreement, they refine their ideas and arrive at conclusions which will further equality of opportunity more than any black-and-white program."

dominates his program. This impression would spring from the fact that he is taking advice from people who are not recognized as sympathetic to liberalism."

DIFFERENCES of emphasis rather than actual disagreement emerge when the nine liberals discuss the weaknesses of liberalism. Quite naturally, they stress things closest to their own type of experience. The four men and one woman who hold elective office emphasize the "political individualism" of liberals, their lack of a program which binds them together for effective political action, their balking at the give and take of politics. "Their greatest weakness," Representative Douglas believes, "is the tendency to throw up their hands every time they lose any ground, or don't get what they want, or don't get it in the combination that they wanted. Why liberals think they can win every time, I don't know." Representative Kefauver comments: "Each fellow goes more or less his own way. There is little concerted action. There can be none because there is no agreement on the aims to be accomplished. Harmony could best be established through one of the political parties. Failing in this, conferences of true American liberals, not Communists or those with special axes to grind, would tend to eliminate some points of difference."

Fresh from a buffeting by pressure groups in his work as Economic Stabilizer, Chester Bowles pleads for recognition of the fact that "too often liberalism becomes subordinate to group interest. It accepts certain groups to be always right and certain other groups to be always wrong. In doing that, it loses its moral standing and integrity. Liberalism also has had too little interest in good, coördinated operations and administration. Ideas are no good unless they can be made effective and they can only be made effective through good management and good honest administration. There are too few really good operators and managers among the liberals and too many people who are ready to make speeches in glowing, idealistic terms, but haven't the least idea how to make them effective." Paul Porter, Bowles's successor as OPA Administrator, expresses Bowles's pragmatic note another way when he criticizes the "over-theorizing" of liberals—especially the "over-theorizing taken from the Left that a strong liberalism is a hard-times phenomenon. I do not subscribe to that theory. The New Deal was erected on the basis of a depression and economic despair, but that does not mean that the two must go together."

Where the nine liberals show the most significant divergence is in their conceptions of liberalism's general problem. That divergence appears alike in their definitions (see box on page 71) and in practically all their other comments. The root of the difference is that some of the liberals are putting their emphasis on bringing economic security to everyone while others

place equal stress on security and the extension of the individual's opportunity to function as an individual. Still others are most concerned over the individual's freedom of action and believe that the liberal drive for security is seriously endangering it.

There is, of course, nothing new in these variations. They have shown themselves in modern liberalism ever since it added the aim of economic security to the nineteenth-century ideal of individual freedom. It is inevitable that different liberals will emphasize differently these two objectives, for, while one supplements the other, they can decidedly get in each other's way. As Chester Bowles remarks, "There can be no real individual freedom in the presence of economic insecurity," but Bowles also agrees with the many liberals who have long seen the possible conflict between the pursuit of security and freedom of individual opportunity. Senator Morse and Thurman Arnold emphasize this possibility in their definitions of liberalism, and in another comment, Arnold goes on to denounce "those so-called liberals whose principal social value is security for the underdog, rather than opportunity for the individual. For example, one of the popular liberal causes is strong labor organizations. Many liberals would fight for every strong labor organization until it became a force which restricted production, throttled new enterprise, prevented individual collective bargaining by local units and destroyed democracy in labor. At that point, they would seek to curb it by strong government action. The pro-underdog liberals rely on super-organizations of labor and government, under the delusion that dictatorial power will be used reasonably if it is preached at and cajoled."

UNFORTUNATELY for those who would like liberalism to be a system of jeeplike compactness, there is no way of getting rid of the confusing variations between the Arnolds and the essentially security-minded. After all, the omnibus of liberalism has been heading toward two objectives which no other way of thought and action has even tried to reach simultaneously, and which most systems consider ultimately irreconcilable.

What the comments of the nine liberals do point up significantly is that the traditional difficulty of modern liberalism is seriously aggravated in 1946 just because of its successes in pushing security. Fortunately, the attitudes of these people who have been engaged in the business of trying to make liberalism work, contain an element that cannot fail to be helpful in alleviating the difficulty. When La Follette lashes away at the "personalization" of liberalism in terms of Roosevelt, when Bowles attacks "indiscriminate applause or condemnation," when Arnold assails the labor-is-always-right contingent, they are calling for a liberalism which faces the fact that it cannot afford the luxury of irreproachable heroes and immutable techniques. The

unavoidable conclusion is that liberalism has to ask of all its men and all its measures, not once but continuously, whether they are toppling that delicate and necessarily changing balance between the increase of security and the extension of individual freedom of opportunity.

Making modern liberalism an incessant reëxamination of itself is making it a tough life to lead. But at that, it would only be bringing it back to its great tradition, formed when overly intoxicating successes and overly depressing failures had not combined to encourage clinging to fetiches.

Bikini: War 1, Peace 0

by Alan Harrington

Aboard the USS Appalachian, Bikini

IF YOU SAW "Crossroads" as a battle between atomic and naval power with public opinion as the prize, the first Bikini test had three possible outcomes.

The bomb might have inflicted such a disaster on the target fleet that the Navy's future, along with its ships, might have sunk to the bottom of Bikini Lagoon. Balanced against this grand finale was the off-chance that the fleet might somehow survive the explosion virtually intact, apparently debunking the bomb and producing what the *Reader's Digest* might call "the most unforgettable anticlimax of all time." What actually occurred was the third possibility. The target vessels were considerably but inconclusively damaged, and everybody is joining in a pier-six brawl over the results.

There is no doubt that prospects for world peace would be a lot pleasanter if every ship in the lagoon had been pulverized into steel filings. Such a blast, roughly equivalent to the crack of doom, would have heralded the arrival of the absolute weapon. It would take no flash of intuition for every literate person in the world to realize that we could no longer include war in the general scheme of things. A beautiful impossibility might have risen from the wreckage of Uncle Sam's Navy, but it didn't, and for the time being that is just too bad. I am talking here about the public relations of war—whether in the atomic age the idea of war is still acceptable to most people as a frightening but perfectly normal human activity. The bomb may yet be the absolute weapon. Exploded on or beneath the ocean instead of in the air, it may prove itself capable of destroying whole fleets. But on July first the atomic bomb suffered a public-relations setback.

It would almost have been better if for some strange reason the bomb's air-burst had left the fleet virtually intact. Then the disappointed public would have cried "Fake!" in loud clear voices, and our awareness of the Nagasaki-type missile's air-bursting inefficiency against seagoing targets would have been sharpened.

From this corner it looks as though the worst possible outcome was the one that happened. Sinking six vessels and damaging a score or more others, the bomb accomplished enough havoc to salvage its reputation, yet not enough to maintain its "absoluteness" in men's eyes. Most people now have the impression that, tremendous as it is, the bomb lacks the power to destroy mankind en masse. Remembering the Bikini headlines, visions of push-button or rocket-missile warfare in which whole cities and countries can be laid waste in a few hours seem a bit on the fantastic side. July second, for example, two nationally known science writers explained to me that the bomb was only a large hunk of TNT plus a radioactivity after-effect. They may be right, but that's not what they said a few months ago.

Talking public relations, it is easy to lose track of the truth. Maybe this bomb is not an absolute weapon and the Navy by chance is performing a public service in letting us know it. If the truth is that ships with redesigned hulls and superstructures can be built to resist a hail of the finest atomic bombs, then we should not damn the Navy for trying, apart from the public relations of war. Whatever the truth may be, we shall not be told about it for a long time, since such matters are labeled Top Secret.

REMEMBERING Nagasaki and Hiroshima, and seeing for myself the damage one maladroitly exploded bomb did to the Bikini target array, I still find it hard to believe that atomic warfare is "relative." Assuming that bigger bombs can be constructed in the future, the redesigning of naval craft appears to be a waste of time, and worse, a deliberate spinning of the fiction that war can be waged the same old way (or that it can be waged at all). As the Federation of American Scientists pointed out, even if it takes one bomb to sink one ship, this one-to-one ratio is enough to sink a fighting navy on economic grounds. Besides, the FAS says, a fleet will never again be a legitimate target, when rocket-borne atomic missiles can be directed to a nation's industrial centers.

It would be unfair to discuss "Crossroads" without stressing Admiral Blandy's contention that the Bikini experiment is not intended as a contest between atomic

Alan Harrington, co-author with Alexander Eliot of "We Take You Now to Bikini" (June 24), is covering the atom-bomb tests for Transradio Press Service and the New Republic.

power and seapower, but rather as a means of measuring atomic blast, shock, radiation and radioactivity. Yet if Joint Task Force One carried out "Operation Crossroads" as a strictly impartial exercise in applied science, the fact remains that Bikini Lagoon is the battle area for partisans of atomic power and the naval strategists. Perhaps it shouldn't be, but it is. When Secretary Forrestal had his picture taken near the battleship *Pennsylvania* posing under the scrawled legend "old sailors never die," he wasn't collecting a memento for his grandchildren. Neither was Air Force General LeMay carrying the scientific torch when, climbing out of his observation plane on Kwajalein, he reportedly denounced the whole business as a Navy frame-up. There is no use in fooling around.

We have had an air-burst of an atom bomb slightly less efficient than the one dropped at Nagasaki. It failed to knock out the fleet, although it delivered a

temporarily paralyzing wallop. It definitely did not live up to its advance billing, so in terms of public relations the Navy has won a victory. Naval appropriations will continue. While a short time ago the very existence of a fighting Navy was seriously questioned, the talk is now of "redesigning ship structures." The next two tests will determine the Navy's future.

The most important answer we want from "Crossroads," and the one we may not be given, is whether war can be put back into the human vocabulary as something possible, or whether in the atomic future it will be a synonym for annihilation. That is why we are hoping this thing is being done on the square, because if it isn't—if we are given to understand that the bomb is a relative weapon, and it turns out to be an absolute annihilator—then somebody (God knows who) is going to look back on "Crossroads" as an improper briefing.

Marshall Field, Publisher

by Ralph G. Martin

I GUESS McCormick really thinks I'm a Red or something," said the graying, handsome man, in his big, simply styled office. "I guess he sincerely does. . . ."

He shrugged his shoulders a little impatiently. "But then, I don't care much what he thinks. He may be sincere about his idea of Americanism, but his idea isn't mine."

There was a short pause and then Marshall Field continued, "That's why the Chicago *Sun* was born. This city needed a liberal, honest morning paper to compete with the *Tribune*, to show the other side of the picture. And we've got a strength of our own now. We still have big advertisers calling us up to complain about things like our attack on the Case bill. But they don't threaten to take out their advertising any more, because our circulation has jumped to 350,000. That's a lot of customers. I've learned this much: editorial pressure by advertisers depends largely on how strong or weak the newspaper is."

As for rumors that he was pulling out of the *Sun*, it was just so much wild talk, he said. He was proud of the *Sun*. It was a good paper, getting better. More features, funnier comics. Now they even had an Associated Press franchise that they had fought through the courts. Yes, he was going to stick with the *Sun*. During all these years the *Tribune* had become a Chicago habit and he was going to try his best to break that habit.

When he said all this, his words came slowly, wrapped up in emphasis. But his voice was always measured, controlled.

When the talk turned to *PM*, he smiled. "It's tough to keep it in the black," he admitted. "But we've got a lot of loyal readers and if they help us get 100,000 more, we'll be all set."

He had bought *PM* and stayed with it because *PM* said and did things that had to be said and done. New York papers too often slid over many rotten situations that needed exposing, while *PM* went out and splashed it. Of course, Field added, he didn't have any editorial direction over the paper, but still, he completely agreed with its policy.

"We want advertising in *PM* now, too," he continued. "Only specialized advertising at first. The thing is, *PM* hasn't enough presses. We don't want to cut down on editorial content either. So we'll just have to wait a while. But, as soon as we can, *PM* will have advertising."

Meanwhile, something that worried him seriously was the newspaper situation in the United States. The fact that more and more towns only had one newspaper and, too often, that paper also owned the town's only radio station.

Well, had he ever thought of branching out into these towns himself and providing competition?

"The thing is, I just don't believe in chain newspapers. I don't believe in editing a bunch of newspapers from Chicago. It isn't fair to the people of these towns."

Of course, he added, he went into a lot of other things because they were good investments. Like the radio stations he had bought and the Pocket Books publishing set-up. But even there he also had other rea-

sons. In the radio stations, he was interested in maintaining a high proportion of public-service programs. And in Pocket Books, while he had to publish a lot of light fiction and mysteries which the public wanted to read, he now had the chance to give them important books like Reves's *The Anatomy of Peace* and Lilienthal's book on the TVA.

Project X (the proposed popular liberal magazine) was something else again. It had a much more specific reason for being. It was still in the "if-and-when" stage, though.

"And that has nothing to do with the supposedly current magazine slump. Maybe I'm sticking my neck out, but I don't think there really is a slump. I think most magazines have simply overestimated the post-war market. Those millions of servicemen who read absolutely everything aren't servicemen any more, and besides, they don't have that much reading time and the war is over and it's summertime. Project X is geared to the normal market."

What kind of magazine was it going to be, anyway?

He hesitated.

"A magazine that will hire young liberal writers and give them a chance to express themselves more freely

and more realistically on the American scene than most magazines have permitted them to do. Not just a pretty picture of America, but some of the dirt."

And he didn't want it to propagandize either; he didn't want it to scream out loud. He wanted it written so interestingly that people would read it straight through without feeling that they were being preached at. He was aiming at the mass of the reading public who were neither progressives nor reactionaries, but who simply hadn't made up their minds about things.

"My best guess is that it will be something of a cross between *Collier's* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, but that all depends on the editor. And I've got great confidence in Norman Cousins; he did such a brilliant job in transforming the *Saturday Review of Literature*."

Walking across the river to Hearst Square later, remembering what he had said and the way he said it, you still felt that here was a man with a lot of money who, because of it, keenly felt an obligation. An obligation to the American people, "because I am deeply aware that the unconscious class arrogance of the rich is a grave danger." You felt this: that Marshall Field didn't want to change any worlds; he just wanted to make this one better.

"Everything Is Made for Love"

by Jean Begeman

IF THE National Association of Manufacturers presented awards to congressmen who coöperate, Representative Frank Boykin of Alabama would be so honored for his work as chairman of the all-important House Patents Committee.

One of the wealthiest men in Congress, Boykin's friendship with the NAM is understandable. This fabulous character—who has been elected to Congress five terms on his slogan, "Everything Is Made for Love," and is now running for the Senate—today owns more than 100,000 acres of timber, oil, farm and cattle lands in this country and Mexico. His interests reach into lumber, turpentine and pulp paper. He prides himself on being a big operator as well as a big man. ("I'm 50 inches in the chest, Honey.")

Plunging into the race to fill the seat of late Senator Bankhead, Boykin has been using the NAM's isolationist line for his platform. His bellows against the British loan have been heard in every section of

Alabama. ("Honey, it looks like some countries have permanently latched on to the 'gimme' habit.")

With the special election coming up on July 30, Boykin's primary opponent, liberal, easy-going John Sparkman, is gaining ground in the state which just elected progressive Governor "Big Jim" Folsom. But Boykin continues his tirade against our international policies, against sending food and materials to Europe during this critical reconversion and reconstruction period. ("The war is over, Honey, and the time has come to think about America for a while.")

While he held the gavel of the Patents Committee, he dealt with hundreds of inventions and inventors and the laws that govern their patent rights. But as far as actual experience is concerned, Boykin can claim only one invention: when he was eight years old, he doubled his 35-cents-a-day salary as water boy for a railroad gang by fashioning an oak-wood yoke to fit his broadening shoulders and carrying two buckets of water instead of one. Inventor or not, he is proud of his Patents Committee. He works mellifluously, with great confidence in his ideas and actions. ("But we never have any politics in my committee, Honey.")

Behind the doors of the Patents Committee, the Justice Department has fought a losing battle against

Jean Begeman, a graduate of the Texas University School of Journalism and a former reporter on the *Austin (Tex.) American-Statesman*, is Washington correspondent for Southern newspapers. She recently joined the Washington staff of the *New Republic*.

the NAM. To put it simply, the government believes the present patent system is too inflexible and should be modified so that more individuals and smaller businesses could benefit. The NAM and John Anderson, self-appointed protector of the present patent system who heads the National Patent Council, feels that the patent laws should be retained with present limitations.

On atomic energy the NAM has taken the stand that compulsory licensing of patents and government control of production, ownership and use of fissionable materials amount to "confiscation of private property."

When Anderson wrote Boykin he was against the government-recommended compulsory licensing of patents, Boykin's reply was: "I assure you, Mr. Anderson, that there will be no pirating of property of any kind in these United States if my efforts can prevent it, but we will need your help and help of others like you who have participated in the growth of the greatest industrial economy the world has ever known, if we are to successfully combat the persistent attacks which are being made on the fundamental principles which constitute the basis of that economy. . . ."

His limited knowledge of patents is often evident in the testimony on bills before his committee. In commenting on infringers of patents and how they should be penalized, Boykin suggested: "Let us give

him the mischief and put him in jail and hang him like they used to do for stealing horses."

In their propaganda against provisions in the May-Johnson and McMahon atomic-energy-control bills now pending in Congress, the NAM has used Boykin's letters to good advantage. Its April press release quoted this illuminating extract:

As stated by you [NAM], the patent provisions are very objectionable. In reading over the bill, I find other provisions equally objectionable.

In view of the tremendous pressure being brought to have this or a similar measure enacted into law, I think now is an opportune time for friends of the patent system to spend some time with their representatives in Congress with a view of persuading them to approve only constructive legislation relating to atomic energy.

The NAM was quick to follow his advice. Eight days later it sent another letter to "Dear Friends of the Patent System." This conveniently furnished the names of each member of the Senate atomic-energy committee for the friends to persuade, and explained that the McMahon bill "would affect drastically industry and our economy so that it would lead ultimately to state socialism."

("But we never have any politics in my committee, Honey.")



Cross-Country

by Richard L. Neuberger

THE WHEELS of the long chain of Pullmans tapped a farewell message on the switches in the freight yard and we soon left Seattle behind. Mist from Puget Sound shrouded the right-of-way, but the lights of the block signals pierced the thick gloom. Green lights turned red as our train clicked along. The winds of the seacoast brought back to us the blast of the electric whistle. Small towns flashed past in the night.

Ahead of us was the 2,400-mile journey to Chicago, longest of all unbroken train rides in the world save only the legendary, halting passage across the USSR on the Trans-Siberian.

This was no halting journey. The mists of the Sound gave way to the clear darkness of the Cascade's foothills. Stars glistened overhead. The tracks began to slant. The lamps in the corners of the Pullman berths

winked out as the dull roar of the first mountain tunnels enveloped the train.

In the morning we were at Spokane. A line of soldiers with barracks bags went down the steel steps of the cars and were engulfed by waiting families. We waited for a breakfast seat in the diner as the train crossed into Idaho. We twisted along a mountain lake, snuggled in its cup of evergreen forests. The plateau stiffened and tamarack trees began to splash the pines with great splotches of gold. On one of the slopes of the Bitterroots a tamarack patch formed an immense yellow V against the green of the Ponderosas. One unconsciously saluted the phenomenon from the window as the train passed. In the distance snow powdered the ridges of the mountains.

Avery was only a settlement in the bottom of an Idaho canyon, but a lean sergeant with the polar-bear shoulder patch of the Alaska Defense Command waited tensely in the vestibule as the train rolled in. He hurried down the steps before the porter could dust off his stool. A fat girl with russet cheeks embraced the sergeant and two little boys clung desperately to his khaki legs. We watched them as we left the pine-board

Richard L. Neuberger, now out of the Army after long service in Alaska, is on the staff of the Portland Oregonian. He is a frequent contributor to many periodicals on problems and policies in the Pacific Northwest.

station and a ridge of hackberry bushes hid them from view.

A series of switchbacks took us across the Bitterroots. From one level we could look down on the trestles and tunnels where our train had been a few minutes before.

On the observation platform a traveling man with a stubby cigar looked at a piece of railroad literature and growled, "How'd Lewis and Clark ever get through here without maps? They must have been tougher in those days."

I glanced at the Air Corps first lieutenant on the platform beside us. He wore the Distinguished Flying Cross with two oak-leaf clusters. His sleeve had the insignia of Jimmy Doolittle's Eighth Air Force. I thought many things but said nothing. The traveling man returned to his timetable.

Two soldiers back from the Pacific kept looking out the window for the first signs of Deer Lodge. "Home!" one of them shouted as the single tracks of the main line spread into a small freight yard. Deer Lodge proved to be only 3,000 people in a railroad division point, but the pair of soldiers bounded down the steps without waiting for their barracks bags.

BOB CHAMBERS, 38 years with the Milwaukee, climbed into the cab of the electric locomotive at Deer Lodge. I rode with him. The gloom of a second night was cloaking the right-of-way now. Chambers turned a switch and the headlight pierced the dusk for five bright miles. No. 16 clattered across the uplands. The tall stack of the Anaconda smelters was a dark tower against the sky. The snowy peaks of the Mission Range outlined the stars. Butte twinkled in the darkness, its mine shafts and Skeleton Hill mercifully hidden. What was it the pioneer sheriff had said?

"Trouble with Butte is that the graveyards ain't big enough." That was it. And the brakeman had added, "Only good thing about this run is pulling out of Butte."

Yet as we looked back from the cab, far ahead of the station platform, there was the inevitable scene of boys in khaki and blue clutched to the bosoms of women, young and old. And we knew that someone returned from distant places was saying, "Home!"

Chambers pulled the throttle out another notch. The barricade of the Continental Divide loomed up in the night. Once James Fenimore Cooper had said it was nonsense to talk of building a railroad across this frowning wall, and for that reason Senator Daniel Webster had added that he would not give a silver dollar for all of Oregon. Whether the grizzled engineer knew these things I am not aware. But he gave the electric motors still more voltage and 19 Pullmans loaded with 330 people began to ascend the loftiest range in the United States.

The headlight picked out rock bluffs and granite cliffs, and now and then a mountain stream in the

depths of a narrow gorge. With a dull roar like massed artillery, the train slid across steel viaducts and into long tunnels. The engineer and fireman checked signals, a precaution guarding hundreds of lives. "Red," said Bob Chambers. "Red," agreed the fireman. "Clear block," said Bob Chambers, and again the fireman concurred. We passed a troop train on a spur and the fireman explained, "That's extra No. 12."

I nodded sagely.

The fireman hummed "Clementine."

We crossed the Continental Divide and now water flowed, not to the Columbia and so to the Pacific, but to the Missouri and thus at last to the Gulf of Mexico. Chambers cut off the motors of 10135 and we slid down the 2.2 grade of the eastern slope. In the dawn we came down into the Great Plains at 78 miles an hour, the massive locomotive hammering like a drill on the heavy steel rails.

At Harlowtown the wires of the catenary ended. This was as far as Western water power could be transmitted. No. 10135 was uncoupled to wait for the next passenger train back across the Rockies. I returned to my Pullman. A snort from the head end of the train told me that 10135 had been replaced by a steam locomotive.

No wonder Captain Meriwether Lewis thought that the Plains never ended. Imagine crossing these interminable expanses on foot! The train rolled between sagebrush flats. Then wheat fields began to thread the line. Here and there a clump of cottonwoods marked a meager river. Small towns dotted the track, their presence heralded by grain elevators on the horizon. More soldiers got off and were clutched by waiting families as the young men of America were being distributed home.

MINNEAPOLIS and St. Paul marked the last of the prairie. We rolled across Wisconsin into Illinois. But first, a stop on Milwaukee's lake front emptied half our cars of soldiers and sailors, and so once more the homecoming scene. The soot of Chicago mottled the cars before Chicago was in sight. Dingy suburbs flashed past the windows. Factories hovered over these outposts of the Windy City as medieval castles once dominated the peasants' poor huts in the pictures of my boyhood *Sir Nigel*.

And then we rolled into Chicago's Union Station with an anti-climactic jerk and I was back in the muddle of looking for porters, cabs and hotel rooms in not-so-very-postwar America.

I remembered the tamaracks golden against the Idaho pines, the snowy mountains dazzling white against the Montana sky, the salty-sea-tinged smell of the Sound as we left Seattle, the endless vistas of the plains across the Dakotas. And I thought that our country was glorious and wonderful and bright, even if our own use of it fell far short of its unbounded promise.

London Letter

London and Palestine

IT WAS a bright and sunny Saturday, welcome after weeks of rain. Holiday crowds filled parks and cricket grounds, pressed sardines into seaside trains at Victoria and Waterloo. Londoners talked about the near approach of bread rationing, or discussed the atom-bomb test at Bikini. They glanced at the headlines in the three afternoon papers: "Palestine: Britain Strikes; Jewish Chiefs Arrested," and then escaped quickly to the sports pages.

For more than a decade now hardly a day had passed on which the once forbidden three-letter word did not appear on the front pages of British newspapers. For each man and woman the bad word gnawed like a nagging conscience at the Jew within.

For weeks and months now they had been told of acts of terrorism committed by Jewish extremists in Palestine against long-suffering British soldiers and policemen. They had read, too, of boatloads of illegal immigrants intercepted by vigilant navy patrols. More recently they had been told by their Foreign Secretary of the self-interested provocation and agitation of New York Jews seeking to divert immigration away from the United States, and of increasing anti-Semitism in the British army.

One day a leading government newspaper had described Tel-Aviv for them as the Chicago of the Middle East, where sinister figures plotted kidnap and murder in secret rooms. Next day the newspaper carried an apology for its slight against a city which had harbored with hospitality so many British troops in wartime. One day a leading Opposition newspaper described the Agudath Israel as the organization behind the notorious Stern group. Next day it apologized for its crass libel on a non-political association of God-fearing Orthodox Jews.

Was it any wonder that the British people were confused? Tired as they were after the exertions and sacrifices of six years of war, and the privations of the first year of insecure peace, they longed for nothing more than peace and quiet, and it was easy to represent the Palestine Jews as disturbers and violators of law and order. They had learned to believe in the honesty of their leaders, particularly of their own freely chosen leaders, who they felt in their bones spoke for their own needs and desires.

The responsibility for evasion of solemn promise, for procrastination, for invited and inevitable terrorist reprisals born of despair, did not lie with the British people to whom the hunted Jew had looked for succor in his midnight. So thought many Jews and Gentiles alike. Rather, they believed, did it rest with successive governments of all political colors, and their arbitrary pro-consuls in the Middle East, who had never concealed their coolness to the experiment in collective living undertaken by progressive Jews in the backward East.

It was a responsibility, too, they believed, shared by successive American administrations, which had played fast and loose with Jewish hope and fear, and by successive

American Congresses, which had toyed with pro-Zionist resolutions before elections and junked them afterwards.

The coldly efficient military operation in which the glory of Arnhem was dragged in Judean dust was still wrapped in a political censorship, more severe than any of wartime, at the time these words were written. The House of Commons had just finished an inconclusive debate in which *ex-parte* statements were made on both sides in the absence of any hard and definite news from Palestine or of the charges which were to be preferred against the leaders of the Jewish Agency who were confined without benefit of habeas corpus. The Prime Minister, an uneasy Caesar, had strongly accepted full responsibility for the actions of the Palestine High Commissioner.

The debate was initiated by a Labor back-bench revolt led by Sidney Silverman. Of the quorum of 40 required to obtain the rare debate on the adjournment on motion of a private member, no fewer than 38 were members of the Parliamentary Labor Party. Only one Conservative member supported them in the demand for debate. The Conservative front bench was led by Oliver Stanley, who fully associated himself and his party with Mr. Attlee. Liberal leader Clement Davies did likewise. Richard Crossman, himself a member of the recent Anglo-American Commission on Palestine, and Michael Foot spoke with bold conviction against the policy of the government. Not a single Conservative speaker followed them. These facts merited the attention of Jews and their friends in all countries who might have thought that a Churchill administration would have acted differently.

This correspondent was convinced that the issue at stake in the war against the Jews was more than British strategic hegemony in the Middle East, more than the economic interests of British and American exporters and oil magnates, more than the creation of a Jewish state, more than the salvage of the remnant of European Jewry, more than Jewish survival itself. The issue was whether each man would kill the Jew within himself, and so destroy part of himself.

Unhappy the soldier who was reported to have slapped the face of Rabbi Yehuda Fishmann and dragged him to the waiting car that was to bear him in desecration of his Sabbath to the concentration camp. He would earn his small place in history with Pilate's legionnaires. He was to be pitied. But more to be pitied were those men in the seats of power whose servant he was. They had professed the brotherhood of man. For them this would be the testing-time.

This, too, would be the testing-time for the six hundred thousand Jews of Palestine and those who believed in them. Over them lay the shadow of the six million other Jews of Belsen and Auschwitz, of Minsk and Kiev and Warsaw. Those other Jews would not be concerned in these events. They would not be concerned about anything any more. They had found a place to go to, and they could not return, even if they so willed.

London

JACK WINOCOUR

This is the third in a new series of letters from abroad which will appear regularly in the New Republic. — THE

EDITORS

The Bandwagon

According to Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, former director of the Los Alamos atomic-bomb-development laboratory, an atomic bomb will eventually cost no more than \$1,000,000.—*From the New York Times.*

The government, attempting to deal with rumors that the King [of Siam] was murdered or committed suicide, announced today the appointment of a seven-man inquiry commission made up of distinguished men. The government called on the public to present to the police any evidence that the King's death was other than accidental. Yesterday a middle-aged Siamese offered his head for shooting tests as a contribution to solving the mystery.—*AP dispatch from Bangkok.*

No News

There were no reports of violence. According to the Warsaw broadcast, terrorists fired the villages of Mackowicze, destroying the polling commission's offices, blew up the polls at Czubieszowski and burned down the village of Dalhovic.—*From the Washington Post.*

Q. E. D.

Most owners of securities are thinking people, because they have sacrificed, thought, planned, or they would not have had the money to buy "those few shares" (or the many) which they do own. Or if they have inherited what they have, someone before them did the thinking and sacrificing.—*From the bulletin of the Investors' League.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Disabled Veterans

SIR: A few weeks ago a group of more than 100 paraplegic patients at Halloran General Hospital formed the Paralyzed Veterans' Association.

A general description of a paraplegic would be an individual paralyzed in varying degree from the waist down, with subsequent loss of control of natural functions. The ailment is the result of injury to the spinal cord.

There are about 2,000 members and ex-members of the Armed Forces who are paraplegic cases. The vast majority of our membership are from the New York and New Jersey areas. Legislation for our needs has been slow and insufficient. Permit me a brief synopsis of our aims:

1. A car is the chief single factor that would prevent us from being house-ridden for the rest of our lives. While waiting for this legislation we should certainly have a priority on purchases so that we can steer clear of the black market.

2. Reasonable housing facilities for our peculiar needs.

3. We are not being issued the best type of braces, crutches or wheel chairs.

4. Braces and crutches will replace the legs of many of us. Two sets should be issued to prevent us from being bedridden when one set is in need of repair.

5. Halloran General Hospital should be retained for the treatment of paraplegic patients by the Army or the Veterans' Administration.

6. Increased disability pensions. The present law is wholly inadequate.

7. A single veteran should retain all benefits when hospitalized and not be cut to \$20 a month, as the present law requires.

We thank you and your readers for consideration of the foregoing matters.

PFC BOB MOSS, Publicity Director,
Building 27—Ward B Paralyzed Veterans' Association
Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y.

Veterans against Discrimination

SIR: Your readers may be interested to know of the special conference on "Minority Veterans' Problems" held in New York July 12, under the auspices of the American Council on Race Relations, and attended by delegates of 40 national organizations. The purpose of the conference was to call national attention to the fact that hundreds of thousands of Negro, Nisei, Jewish, Catholic and other war veterans are being subjected to discrimination in their efforts to realize the job, housing and educational opportunities promised under the GI Bill of Rights and other measures designed to aid the veteran. At the conference reports of discrimination in all parts of the country were presented and vigorous plans laid to combat such anti-democratic actions.

A resolution was presented jointly by five organizations of veterans—the American Veterans' Committee, Catholic War Veterans, Jewish War Veterans, the Veterans' League of America and the United Negro and Allied Veterans of America, calling for a special committee of veterans to lay the facts regarding discrimination before President Truman and to recommend to him "specific administrative and legislative steps to eliminate the problems facing minority veterans."

The conference heard encouraging reports that war veterans in many parts of the country are refusing to return to the attitudes of racial discrimination prevalent in their communities.

Further information can be obtained from the American Council on Race Relations, 32 West Randolph Street, Chicago 1, Illinois.

New York City

BERNARD HANKIN

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Abner Green, executive secretary of the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, explains that peacetime service in the American merchant marine will be denied 10,000 aliens who served on American ships during the war, and that some of them face deportation. Bills now before Congress (S 659, introduced by Senator Radcliffe, and HR 4956, introduced by Representative DeLacy) will grant citizenship to alien seamen with three years of wartime service, and legal entry to those with one year's service (S 1040, sponsored by Senator Pepper). Mr. Green urges our readers to support these bills by writing their congressmen; further material can be obtained from the Committee, at 23 West Twenty-sixth Street, New York 10.

Mildred Green of Brooklyn asks us to remind our readers that Senator Glen Taylor's resolution S183, endorsing world government, is buried in committee, and to ask them to write their Senators to support the measure.

My Visit with GBS¹

May, 1944, more than a year before the first atomic bomb exploded in New Mexico, was the month when William Saroyan met George Bernard Shaw.

In honor of Mr. Shaw's ninetieth birthday on July 26, the New Republic editors present Mr. Saroyan's own unpublished account of his afternoon with Mr. Shaw. It is also in honor of Mr. Saroyan's birthday on August 31. On that date Mr. Saroyan will be 38.

LETTERS and postcards were exchanged for a month in 1944, and then one afternoon late in May everything had been arranged, I took a train, was met at the station by his chauffeur, who drove me in a tiny car down narrow roads through the countryside near Ayot where Mr. Shaw has lived for the past 35 or 40 years.

I had not expected anything to happen, consequently I was not disappointed. I had not expected, that is to say, to find him a great man, for I know greatness is hidden where no one can reach it, and the very man to whom greatness is an affliction only *occasionally* comes down with it, as he does also with colds or distaste for himself.

The surface Mr. Shaw appeared to be a sweet old gentleman who might even now in his old age teach a Sunday-school class at a Presbyterian church and not feel that he was making a fool of himself or contributing to the further confusing of the mind of man.

We chatted and gossiped and took a walk and returned to his living room for tea. I had brought him, from Jackson's in London, a hot-house casaba, a bag of handsome mushrooms, some string beans, some asparagus and several other things of a similar order, for it seemed to me that in going out to gawk at him and take his time I was helplessly guilty of nonsensical behavior, which I wished to flavor pleasantly with the sight and smell and body of things perhaps better than ourselves. Mr. Shaw did not mean to be rude about my gift (the bringing of which *also* embarrassed me), but he did remark that he was not hungry and everybody in America appeared to be under the impression that he was. I am not sure he didn't imply that the casaba would go to his nurse and housekeeper, or to his less successful neighbors. I did feel unmistakably, however, that he had not quite accepted the gift; but that comforted me, as I felt nothing is more presumptuous than to believe that one might give someone else a gift. I had taken the things along primarily because the sight of them in Jackson's window had delighted me so, and I believe I had visions of Mr. Shaw unwrapping the stuff and placing it on a table for both of us to look at closely—and it seemed to me (during this trance) that such a circumstance would make me very happy for knowing that it pleased him and that he shared with me my enthusiasm for the coming forth of casabas in a time of war.

We talked shamelessly stupidly—we had nothing whatever to say that was not witty and meaningless. Mr. Shaw began to perform for me during tea, a spectacle which delighted me at the time, taking to pieces the imbecility of that most wretched of tribes—professional actors and actresses—and scoffing at the producers of moving pictures.

I had embarked on the visit with the intention of leaving the first chance I got—but at the same time I had made up my mind to try to keep the visit something not altogether bewildering for him, and therefore as chances arrived and departed for me to go, I stayed on, for by nature I am respectful of age—I believe any man who lives to be 88 is essentially, if secretly, great—and I was quite sure that Mr. Shaw was no exception.

He wasn't. He *was* great. I told him I did not believe Mr. Pearson, his biographer, knew him at all, and I wondered openly if he himself, Mr. Shaw, knew the true extent of his greatness. I very likely betrayed my feeling that he didn't, and that I did not cherish the obvious greatness he was by way of revealing to me. It struck me that George Bernard Shaw was great in spite of himself. His works and his thinking could (and very likely would) be chucked in a matter of moments or years, but there would be left the uncovered secret of his own nuclear energy—a secret he had obviously not spent much time trying to uncover, for fear perhaps that in uncovering it he might live to be only 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70 or 80.

He let me know when it was time to go, which I could not help resenting, for I had known it was time to go long before he had and had stayed on in order better, I felt, to pay homage to age. It seemed to me as I hastened to go that he might not belittle the homage due to what must, by comparison at least, have been recognized as youth. I saw the basket containing the casaba and the vegetables on the table in the hall—pathetic because wasted, it seemed to me—and I decided that I would buy the same things another day and keep them for myself. For an instant I thought I would pick the basket up and take it back to London with me.

The office of the New York *Times* in London had informed me six or seven times that the editor of the Sunday Magazine Section had cabled them to ask me to write an interview with Mr. Shaw. I had avoided paying the visit for five or six weeks because of this goosing. I didn't want to *interview* Mr. Shaw. I didn't want to write about him for the Magazine Section of the Sunday *Times*. Even so, a week or two after I met Mr. Shaw, the London office of the *Times* began to badger me again to write a story of my visit. I said that I would write it for a thousand dollars. The *Times* said they could afford to pay no more than two hundred dollars. I wrote the story for nothing and put it away. I meant to uncover it when I began to write this piece, but I could not find it. It is among my papers somewhere. It is surely worth a thousand dollars to the New York *Times*, but these are things my reasoning has not yet reached, and as I *have* a thousand dollars, perhaps it is only worth fifty cents.

I loved the old boy. He is a butterfly with a white beard. He is also a Saint. As we came to his sawhorse and the pile of logs he is sawing for exercise he said, "I'll be dead long before these logs are sawed." I didn't know what to say. It didn't occur to me to say, "You won't be dead before anybody else." I am delighted that he is still alive. I hope he doesn't go until the rest of us do—when the atomic bomb now aimed at our heads is released. He didn't understand anything very well, but he was damned good at hanging around.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

¹ See also Mr. Saroyan's letter on page 36.—THE EDITORS

Books in Review

The Blessings of Poverty

IT IS NOT the Butwins' fault that their translation of twenty-seven of the better known and loved of Sholom Aleichem's three hundred stories¹ falls so far short of the original Yiddish. The quality of Sholom Aleichem's Yiddish, for reasons that I shall try to indicate, is well-nigh incommunicable. Besides, whatever the defects of this translation, its mere existence calls for gratitude: this is the first time, as far as I know, that even such a small part of Sholom Aleichem's great work has been made available to the English-speaking world.

What, after all, is translation? It is the fault of our literary pragmatism that we so seldom ask this question. For ordinary purposes it is enough to say that translation is the finding of word combinations in one language to stand for word combinations in another. But this will not do as a definition. First of all, it begs the question in supposing that we already know what language is; the fact is that an important property of language is disclosed only in translation. What this property is, is made clear by the second shortcoming of the usual notion of translation, the assumption that the language of literature is wholly devoted to communication. Again, the fact is otherwise, for writing, even in the strictest sense of naturalism, necessarily contains, if it is art at all, an irreducible element of expression. Expression is what the translator must trust to more than the luck or skill of his sense of poetry to re-create in his own language. The conveying of the expression of one language in the words of another ultimately depends on the congruence of separate cultures, philosophies and ways of life. The translator, in an age when the internationalization of culture is an absolute imperative, is the philosopher *par excellence*. The entities with which he deals are paramount in metaphysics, recalling its simplest, but most difficult, its first, but most neglected, task: our need to know one another.

It is in this expanded sense of "translation" that the translation of Sholom Aleichem is such a hard, hopeless, even tragic enterprise. There have been some successful translations from the Yiddish—Sholem Asch and I. J. Singer are excellent examples; but whereas the works of these authors, whether they are concerned with the origins of Christianity or the working-class revolution, involve familiar themes of Western history, Sholom Aleichem's work is almost deliberately at cross purposes with English and with the history the language subsumes. His idioms are entirely of another world (illuminated, but not "translated" for us in Maurice Samuel's brilliant *World of Sholom Aleichem*); they are of a Yiddish whose survival in the form that Sholom Aleichem made use of was no less remarkable than the survival of the people who spoke it, and one of their greatest accomplishments.

¹ The Old Country, by Sholom Aleichem. Translated by Julius and Frances Butwin. New York: Crown Publishers. 434 pages. \$3.

Language itself, the mere prose of daily life, is already the greatest poetry. The extraordinary poetic of Sholom Aleichem's Yiddish is its consciousness of what is peculiarly Jewish in existence. The language has a facility for singling out the most disparate and incongruous objects and catching precisely that quality wherein they reflect the destiny of the Jews. A turn of phrase, an additional syllable, and what would have been, as in any other language, a report of experience, becomes in Yiddish a comment on Jewish experience, say a reference to Diaspora, a veiled reminder to the Lord of the promise of deliverance and perhaps an expression of despair at its coming. The liberal sprinkling of Hebrew performs in an inverse way the same function that the presence of "foreign" words performs in the secularization and internationalization of the language: Hebrew, as the language, historically, of the true home and the faithful tradition, lends poignancy to the half-tones of exile, and an incongruity that mirrors in its humor the whole incongruity of Jewish dispersal. When Tevye the Dairyman, for example, refers to his wretched horse by the Hebrew word *sus*, he takes advantage of a usage available only in Yiddish to transpose the objects of the familiar world into a context equally familiar to the speaker but unrelated to his immediate concerns, so that the latter are transcended, viewed historically and implicitly judged. The same horse that drags Tevye's wagon along carries us back thousands of years. Yiddish is a kind of consciousness in verbal form, call it historical paranoia or call it truly mystical, that interprets the whole creation in terms of a people's deepest experience and intuition.

Sholom Aleichem's language is full of the intimate quality of the life he loved and described so well. For this life, as for his specifically surcharged words, there is no equivalent in any other life or language. But to the extent that transmission is possible under such inauspicious circumstances, the essence of his work communicates itself concretely in portrayals of the Jewish character which is so faithfully rendered that it must, in some poetic part, have been created for his people by the author.

Take Tevye the Dairyman. His closest Western cousin is perhaps Sancho Panza. There is the same earthiness in both of them, the same familiarity with misfortune, the same wisdom expressing itself in proverbs and misquotations. But Tevye is a Sancho without Don Quixote, unless Tevye's Knight is God Himself. Tevye is moved by God's will as Sancho by his mad master's; it is to God that Tevye complains, to God that Tevye looks for help, and it is God who is the author of Tevye's misfortunes. But there is parity between Sancho and Don Quixote in so far as they are the two faces of the same coin, and the space between earthbound reason and ridiculous faith that divides them is also the one that joins them. Don Quixote's faith is superior in its madness precisely because it does not fear the ridicule it was doomed to provoke. But how does God come to be mentioned in the same breath with ridicule, or how can there be parity between God and

Tevyeh unless the dairyman has something of the divine in him? It is precisely this conclusion, that Tevyeh has something of the divine, which is demanded by the effort to understand the dairyman and his brothers. God may well fear his ridicule, or at least his wit as it expresses itself in prayer and complaint; and, though it is nowhere suggested, for Tevyeh is a pious Jew who would never utter such blasphemy, the possibility remains open, when one considers the life that God has ordained for Tevyeh and his

people, that there is a streak of madness in Him. Moreover, Tevyeh, like Sancho, when he rides his spirited reason, becomes his own Don Quixote; he is full of a ridiculous majesty which brings him closer than ever to his Master.

Tevyeh approaches the divine first of all in his irony which—no other word or degree for it—is absolute. (The English translation misses most of it.) It is present in every sentence he speaks, in every phrase and word, its extreme development being the

measure of his moral courage. So highly developed is it, and so far pushed past all frontiers of ordinary caution, retraction or qualification in God's favor, that it becomes something mystical, and it is no wonder that Tevyeh's worship, conducted always in the ironical mode, attains the immediacy of the direct vision and communion. It is irony that links Tevyeh with God, that brings together the patient and the author of suffering.

The chief cause and acutest form of suffering in the Jewish Pale was poverty. But the poverty of the Jews, like the Yiddish language, was itself a symbol and a kind of symbolism; in its final extension it was a sign, in the true religious sense, of God's ordination of the world. Deprivation of material means was the symbolic counterpart of the Jews' historical deprivation; they owned little of the world, not even so much as a home in it, and the continual struggle for food was like the unbroken prayer for deliverance. The Jews owned little of the world, but their hunger was the true dimension of all their longing, and their disappointment, which need not even have been felt inwardly, so close to the quick were its external provocations, was the clue to their great expectation—for were they not the Chosen People? Yet Tevyeh says we were chosen to suffer—it is for this that the world envies us. The irony here does not destroy the bond between man and God. The strain draws it tighter and lends pride to the perceptions of the poor—for now they know with Whom they are struggling. It is in poverty that man turns to God and in poverty that he turns away from Him, mistrusting Providence, or knowing it all too well. And yet his poverty is his strength and his blessing, it is the source of the irony that enables him to endure his faith in God, and of that great, tenacious will to life which, even if only an ironic victory is possible, at the cost of misery and misfortune, nevertheless chooses irony for the sake of triumph. It is in this faith, which is also faith in themselves, that the Jews have triumphed, and that they have revealed themselves to be still a warlike tribe. Sholom Aleichem's poor dairyman and tailors, shopkeepers, teachers, hapless specu-



"The Civil Guard. There are no more characteristic defenders of the ideals of Black Spain than these grim, cold, ruthless ex-soldiers, with their black cloaks, their patent-leather hats and their chill cruelty. Once a well disciplined rural police, created to suppress banditry, they have become the most hated of all the official upholders of Franco's New Order. The worst thing about them in the eyes of Spanish patriots is that they are men of the people who have been trained to strike down their comrades, and do so with a kind of impersonal relish. These are characteristic types, realistically studied." From *Franco's Black Spain* (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$3.50). Drawings by Luis Quintanilla. Text by Richard Watts Jr.

lators, *luftmenschen* and *shlimazolim* are our foremost warriors. They have fought the longest and costliest war in history—the war, simply, with history itself.

It is this, poverty as richness, as the rarest symbolic blessing, which ultimately proves to be untranslatable and which underlies the particular failures of the English phrase to do justice to the original. When Tevyeh says "*ligen in der erd un backen bagel*" to express destitution ("To lie in the ground and bake doughnuts")—not that bagel, strictly speaking, are doughnuts, or that "*ligen in der erd*" means lie *in* the ground or lie *on* the ground—it has a sense compounded of both, as when we speak lightly of a living death; very wisely the translators did not attempt to render this phrase in English—when Tevyeh speaks in this manner he shows a veteran contempt for poverty and proclaims his mastery over it. Likewise, when a character in the story "Hannukah Money" is called a "*farshleppte krenk*" (a "chronic ailment," wildly mistranslated here in a sentence that uses the word "zany," as if the Jews of Kasrilevsky had already reached Broadway) and thereby set down with the power and finality of an imperious gesture, we must assume something of Jewish history to know how suffering can impart mastery of the world. . . . Such are the clues, lost in a lost culture, to the blessings of poverty. Its ultimate beatitude in Chassidism is truly ineffable.

Insights such as these gave Sholom Aleichem, the humorist and folk-poet, also a philosopher's stature, so well did he know the confluence of personality and God. He defined a peculiar intellectual and spiritual province of the Jews, revealing the hidden vitality of their religion and the historical viability of their culture. It is a province which is lost to the majority of us today, who know nothing of such blessings, even as that which was once our world, with Kasrilevsky its Jerusalem, was lost to the world that engulfed and destroyed it. ISAAC ROSENFELD

Wallace's Mission

Soviet Asia Mission, by Henry A. Wallace and Andrew Steigers. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 248 pages. \$3.

IN THESE gloomy days of liberal frustration and democratic doldrums, there is something inexpressibly cheering about the voice of Henry Agard Wallace. It may lack the inspired note of Franklin D. Roosevelt; it may occasionally have a suggestion of that humanitarian vagueness which his enemies plead they find so distressing; it may leave many questions unanswered, as in the case of *Soviet Asia Mission*, his newest book. Such reservations, however, are as unimportant in the face of his vision, breadth of sympathy, progressive viewpoint and clarity of insight as they seem in his recently published account of his 12,000-mile air journey through Asiatic Russia, Mongolia and China in the war-wracked summer of 1944. Whatever its deficiencies, the book is a journal of good will that is stimulating in its friendliness and resolute in its convictions.

Mr. Wallace made his long trip during the happiest period of American-Russian collaboration. He was in Siberia when word arrived of the invasion of Normandy and he saw the popular enthusiasm for us and the warm

What about cartels?

CHARLES R. WHITTLESEY'S

National Interests and International Cartels

Because healthy world trade is a prime requisite for a peaceful world, the problem of cartels is of vital interest today. Yet it is usually discussed with more heat than knowledge. The very word "cartel" has acquired emotional implications which make dispassionate discussion difficult. Professor Charles R. Whittlesey of the Wharton School of Finance, University of Pennsylvania, brings sanity into the situation by critically examining the flood of contentions, pro and con.

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MACMILLAN

hope for a great new future of rich international relationship at its peak. As a farmer, a Middle Westerner and an unashamed believer in humanity, he saw the human similarity between Americans and Russians, the parallels between the growth and spirit of the western United States and the eastern lands of the Soviet Union and the great contributions that the economy and civilization of the two vast countries, so different and yet so alike, could make to each other. Chiefly, it is the message of sympathetic and coöperative understanding for the building of the future that he sets down and, because he does it with such friendliness and good humor, what he has to say is both refreshing and persuasive.

As I have said, the book has deficiencies, although they are not serious and they are certainly not due to that starry-eyed dreaminess attributed to Mr. Wallace by reactionaries afraid of his ideas. The valuable thing about *Soviet Asia Mission* is that it recalls the days when friendship between the USA and the USSR held such high promise and, by its understanding spirit, reminds us of the human basis of that friendship and the possibilities for its renewal. Its weakness lies in its lack of any of that narrative interest which enlivened Wendell Willkie's *One World* and its failure to go into the difficulties underlying American-Soviet amicability with the care and thoughtfulness it devotes to the background of mutual sympathy.

There is one other reason for disappointment in *Soviet Asia*, and in my case it is rather a personal one. I was in Chungking when Mr. Wallace and his party visited the Chinese wartime capital and I was in a position to see some of the results. To those who had been subjected to the almost constant barrage of hostile newspaper stories about the Wallace ineptitude, the visit was decidedly a revelation. Americans in Kuomintang China were at that point particularly unhappy over the growing reaction and corruption of the government party, with its increasing determination to sit back and let the United States win the war for it while conserving its lend-lease supplies for what was even then regarded as the inevitable civil war with the Chinese Communists. Not knowing Mr. Wallace, there was a terrible fear on the part of these pessimistic American observers that the Vice President would talk the usual platitudes about our wonderful Far Eastern ally and bestow upon the ruling clique blessings and approval. With all proper respect to Mr. Willkie, that is pretty much what his visit had done.

Henry Wallace fell into no such trap. It was in the nature of his mission that he was unable to visit the Communists or say anything about them, and his attitude and speeches, as well as his words in the course of a long mass interview with the Chinese and American press, were tactful and sympathetic but also forthright and without those expected platitudes. He paid proper tribute to the Chinese masses and to Chinese resistance, but he was frank about the needs of the nation, which included social, economic and political changes and democratic unity. Without arrogance, he made it sufficiently clear that he was realistically aware of what was going on in the country. He disabused the more reactionary members of the KMT of their hope that we would be willing to go to war with Russia just to satisfy their interests. He showed, in a few words, that he knew the facts of Far Eastern political life

and believed in the future of China because of his regard for the Chinese people and not for the wisdom of their rulers. It was the greatest encouragement the progressive forces in the land had received in a pathetically long time.

It is because of the thoughtful attitude concerning the country and its problems which Mr. Wallace revealed while he was in Chungking that it seems to me regrettable that he has so little to say about China in *Soviet Asia Mission*. When he is talking about Outer Mongolia and indicates his knowledge of the domestic and foreign problems of that dim and faraway land, he provides for the reader some suggestion of the enlightenment he could throw on the considerably more immediate questions confronting a country far closer to our interest and sympathy. If only for the wisdom that Mr. Wallace showed when he selected to accompany him on his journey two such brilliant and progressive advisers as Owen Lattimore and John Carter Vincent, it is clear that his evidence on the tremendously important matter of the course of present-day China and our own relationship to it would be of the highest value. It is a great shame that Mr. Wallace's official position made it impossible for him to treat Chinese affairs with his characteristic candor and courageous friendliness, and his book suffers from the reticence, but *Soviet Asia Mission* is none the less a timely document on international understanding.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Two-Thirds of a Nation

Revolt of the South and West, by A. G. Mezerik. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 290 pages. \$3.

TEN highly industrialized Eastern states dominate the economy of America and boss the economy of the South and the West—regions which contain two-thirds of our geographical area and one-half of our total population. "These ten Eastern states are rich—to which no one objects. They dominate the rest of the country and keep it poor—to which one-half of the people of the country legitimately and vociferously object." Such is the general thesis of Mr. Mezerik's book.

For more than a century, now, observers have from time to time stressed the marked similarity of interest which exists between the South and the West. The great question has always remained: why have these two major regions so often failed to recognize this similarity in the forces they oppose and the things they need? To this basic question, Mr. Mezerik gives and substantially documents the correct answer: Eastern and Middle Western industrialists, using race-consciousness and cotton-consciousness in the South, and manipulating the silver bloc, the cattle bloc, the sheep bloc and the sugar-beet bloc in the West, have successfully conspired to keep both regions in economic bondage. In accounting for the failure of the South and the West to unite politically, Mezerik has missed a significant story told by Dr. Morris E. Garnsey of the University of Colorado. In 1943 the Southern Governors promoted a conference of Southern and Western Governors in Denver for the purpose of rallying the West to their common cause: the fight against economic colonialism. As Dr. Garnsey tells it: "By a clever maneuver and by virtue of his position as host, Governor Vivian [of Colorado] brought forward

an unscheduled speaker. . . . This distinguished guest of Denver turned out to be none other than Bill Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific. . . . The result was that the South had to carry the fight alone."

New elements in the South and West are today beginning to understand the technique by which their basic interests have been subordinated. The current of protest is strongest on the Pacific Coast and in such Southern states as Georgia and Texas, with only feeble echoes and murmurings to be detected in the inter-mountain Western states. Mr. Mezerik correctly notes the principal factors which have stimulated this emergent protest: the fight to end discriminatory freight rates; the basic planning and excellent demonstration work of such federal agencies as the TVA and the Bonneville Power Administration; and the wartime industrial plants constructed, owned or financed by the federal government. A telling point made by Mr. Mezerik—and it needs to be stressed—is that in pleading for industrialization, the South and the West are not advocating a kind of economic autarchy or regional self-sufficiency. Merely to glance at the lists of what both regions need and could use in the way of industrial products—needs not now being met—sufficiently disposes of this familiar and troublesome contention.

While Mr. Mezerik's approach to the problems of the South and West is strictly journalistic and somewhat sketchy in parts, his general argument is essentially sound and interestingly illustrated. Here is a book that will warrant careful study by the political leaders of the South and the West.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

A Reader's List

The Prolongation of Life, by Alexander Bogomolets (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$1.50). This small volume is a translation of a monograph by the president of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR whose work on the anti-reticular cytotoxic serum (ACS) is beginning to interest American investigators. The major portion of the book consists of a superficial review of the factors involved in human longevity, and is almost entirely undocumented, often dogmatic in tone and occasionally erroneous, as, for example, in the statement that "Syphilis is the most frequent cause of sclerosis of the heart and blood vessels, and of angina pectoris." Metchnikov's long discarded theory of intestinal auto-intoxication as a cause of arteriosclerosis is apparently accepted by Dr. Bogomolets, though he gives no new evidence. For American readers the most interesting chapter is that on the effects of ACS and its use in the treatment of fractures, typhus fever, scarlet fever, tularemia, slow-healing wounds, hypertension, schizophrenia, infections of some types and, prophylactically, after cancer surgery; but consideration of this subject is also superficial. It is treated far more adequately in the papers of the author and his associates which have appeared in the *American Review of Soviet Medicine* (December, 1943) and in the *Medical Journal of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR* (Vol. 13, 1944), some of whose articles appear in English. As a recipe for slowing the aging process the book is also disappointing: Dr. Bogomolets recommends work, deep breathing, simple food, little meat, a glass of sour milk nightly, a bowel movement daily, moderation in the use of alcohol and tobacco, daily exercise, cleanliness, adequate sleep, and avoidance of the sexual function as a source of excessive enjoyment—which leads one to hope that his serum will prove to be effective and readily available.

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is a serious, funny, and truthful picture of communist doings in this country, and therefore a work of courage . . . a work of unquestionable moral-political taste. . . . Miss Clark has some good fun at the party's expense, but she never stretches the truth to make a joke. There is no malice in her comic revelations. And she manages, without a touch of piousness, to convey her own sorrow that the radical situation is as she reports it."—DIANA TRILLING.

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DOUBLEDAY

The concentration camps of Franco, Vichy, Germany have left over 100,000 sick and wounded Spanish anti-fascists. Most of these Spaniards in exile in France have Tuberculosis.

SPANISH TRADE UNIONS ASK FOR MEDICINES

The Spanish Trade Unions (UGT) write: "We have so many sick, we have doctors to treat them. But we have no medicines. Send us these vital medicines. Save our people."

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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Let's Kill George, by Lucy Cores (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$2.50). George Banat, second-rate writer and champion ego-maniac, rules the roost at Heartsease, adored and petted by his middle-aged wife, his pretty young secretary and—most of—his friends. After his son Mons gets back from overseas, bad feeling comes to the surface, and George's attempt to break up his daughter's marriage doesn't help matters. So when George is bumped off, candidates are numerous. Some lively dialogue enlivens the rather feverish goings-on.

Addendum: Three recent books that might strike your fancy are *The Velvet Well*, by John Gearon (Duell, Sloan and Pearce) a frenetic and improbable spy-cum-murder tale—the Nazis again; *Death's Old Sweet Song*, by Jonathan Stagge (Crime Club, \$2), a considerable come-down from his *Death, My Darling Daughters*, but worth reading for one wonderful character—Avril Lane, a beautifully travestied literary phony and femme fatale; and a surrealist item, *The Deadly Percheron*, by John Franklin Bardin (Dodd, Mead, \$2). This starts out with a psychiatrist in whom fiends in human form (and I'm not kidding, much) produce an indurated case of amnesia, and had it maintained its momentum, would have been a world-beater. It's still the most original job of the year. E. H.

New Republic News

Just as the *New Republic* was going to press, we got a further letter from William Saroyan, in San Francisco, about his visit to George Bernard Shaw (p. 80), with more memories of that occasion. Mr. Saroyan writes: "I neglected to mention that I took a copy of one of my books to Mr. Shaw also. This is an omission that is not slight, for Mr. Shaw pointed out that I had already sent him a copy of the book—or that my publishers in London had done so. He mentioned *The Time of Your Life* and I remarked that the book I had brought along was another one; I believe it was *The Beautiful People*. He said he had read all my plays. The point is, I had taken one of my books to inscribe to him and he was trying very hard to get out of it.

"The subject was changed and the book hung around in my hands, an awfully small thing. When he was called out of the room I swiftly inscribed the book to him and sneaked it onto a stack of other books on a table. When he returned to the room the matter was closed. Mr. Shaw absolutely did not want the book, but it had not occurred to me when I had set out for his home that he would resist letting me give it to him so vigorously. Is there a writer in the world who wants to have another writer's book?

"What I wrote in the book must have struck Mr. Shaw as

preposterous. I had only a thief's time and was able to manage nothing better than a wretched, 'To the one and only,' and so on. Even at the time, I knew the inscription was miserable, but inasmuch as the quiet desperation of the whole business was peculiar and comic, it didn't seem to matter *how* I inscribed the book, just so I inscribed it and left it there. 'How lonely,' I thought, 'how unfortunate it must be for an old man to have his pleasant afternoon cluttered by such irrelevant and comfortless events as the arrival from half across the world of a man who is no part of his past, nothing to him now, and nothing to him in the future—a man who is in the house simply because, like the old man, he sometimes writes plays. Who will ever be able to guess what a terrible intrusion this is? If, as he has said, he has always inhabited a separate world, how much more uncomfortable it must be for him to be visited by someone who also has always inhabited a separate world.'"

Jack Winocour, formerly director of the Washington office of the British Information Service and head of the American Division of the Ministry of Information, is now on the editorial staff of *Illustrated*, a London weekly. He is preparing a book on Britain for publication in the United States.

William Saroyan's most recent novel is *The Adventures of Wesley Jackson*, published last month by Harcourt, Brace.

Carey McWilliams' *Southern California Country* was recently published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce in its series, American Folkways Books.

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A Journal of Opinion

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